

WENTY CENTS

AUGUST 29, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



FRANK SINATRA

Myrtle, Myrtle, you're a beautiful turtle.

And, darling, I've got news for you. Our whole house is going to be just as beautiful as you are. We're going to have Lees Carpets everywhere . . . carpets just as elegant as this lovely Lees under our feet. Every nook and cranny, upstairs and down, is going to be so quiet, so colorful, so cozy! You've never seen such colors as I saw in Lees Carpet Selector! It was easy to match, compare and choose. How did I do it? I'll give you three guesses.

Between you and me and the piggy bank, madam, I know your secret! Not a rich uncle. Not the sweepstakes. You bought our Lees Carpets on the store's wonderful Easy Budget Plan! For just a drop-in-the-bucket down and slow time payments ("turtle-time" you might say) we'll be living in ease, if you please, on . . .

...those heavenly carpets by LEES



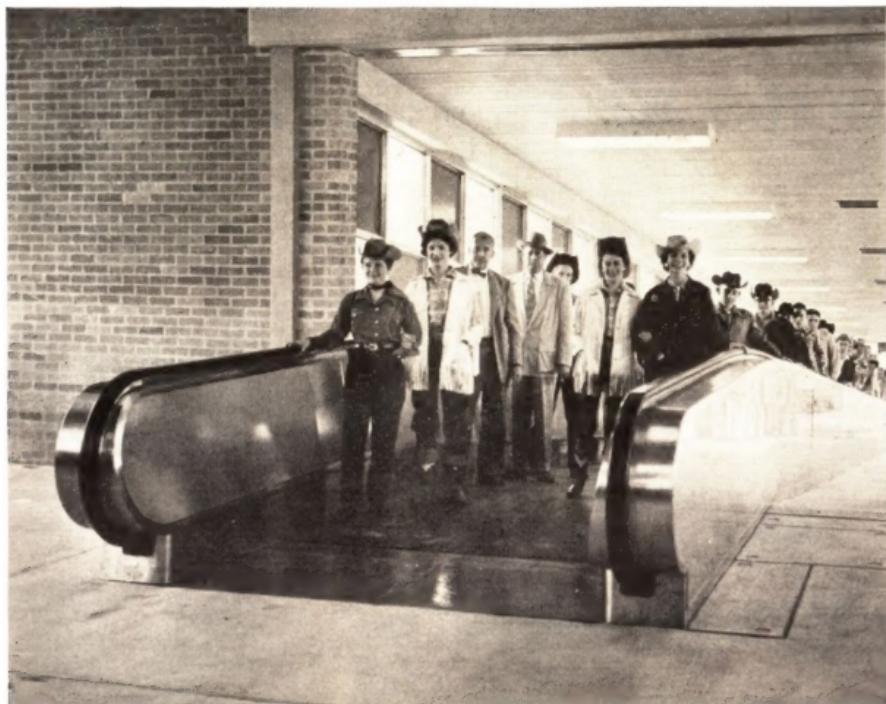
Choose from Lees Selector. Use easy time payments. No guess work. All the lovely colors, textures, patterns, at your fingertips in Lees Selector. No hurry, no worry. Just a small deposit and a few dimes a day will do it.



RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Now 100 people can walk where only 50 walked before

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

HERE'S where people can now walk faster than they ever used to walk. The reason is this new B. F. Goodrich "Powerwalk" at the Houston, Texas, Coliseum. It's an easy, no-stop, no-waiting way to travel.

B. F. Goodrich engineers had developed many kinds of conveyor belts to move materials faster. They believed the same idea could be used to speed crowds of people along heavily traveled hallways and ramps. The result of their work is seen in the picture—a moving sidewalk that carries 15,000 people an hour across a bridge from a parking lot to the auditorium.

The moving rubber belt is as easy and safe to ride as an escalator. The speed can vary, but most of them will move at $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. If you're in a hurry, you can walk along the moving belt and go where you're going 50 to 100% faster, or you can stand relaxed and let the sidewalk do your walking for you.

Before long, you and your luggage may ride a B. F. Goodrich Powerwalk from a train platform to a taxi stand, or out to an airplane loading ramp, or through a crowded hallway in a bus station.

The new rubber Powerwalk is only

one example of the product development and improvement that is always going on at B. F. Goodrich. New ways are constantly being found to make conveyor belts, V belts, and hose work better, last longer. That's why you can be sure of top performance and real money savings when you buy rubber products from your B. F. Goodrich distributor. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-467, Akron 18, Ohio.*

Powerwalk—T.M. The B. F. Goodrich Co.

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION

THIS IS NATIONAL STEEL

How Wonderful Corn Is . . .

And how steel brings you America's
largest and oldest crop . . .



Corn. Golden Bantam, Shoe-Peg, Country Gentleman, Golden Cross—and a dozen other varieties—picked and packed at the precise moment of perfection to lock in hearty flavor, protect rich food value, add variety and zest to our meals year round.

It's grown in every state in the Union. It's our oldest and largest crop. In fact, more land is planted to corn than to any other seed. And botanists say it grew in America as many as 60,000 years ago.

Corn. And do you know how most of it gets to your dinner table? About 80 percent of all sweet corn harvested is brought to you in one way.

That is in tin cans.

Advantages of tin cans

There are many reasons why about 50 percent of our food supply is preserved in tin cans. Actually, a can is

99 percent steel, coated with tin to make it resistant to corrosion.

Tin cans are easy to carry. You can drop them and they don't break or shatter. They're easy to store, a source of a complete meal. They make available a wide choice of delicious foods at any time of the year.

What's more, tin cans are sanitary. They're used only once. They're economical, both for the canner and consumer. And so many things—such as food, paint, oil, beverages—come to you in tin-coated steel.

National's Role

The ever-increasing list of items made available to you in cans is the result of constant cooperation between the steel mill and can maker in the devel-

opment of new and improved types of tin plate needed to meet widely varying product requirements.

National Steel is a leading supplier of both electrolytic and hot-dipped tin plate. Its Weirton Steel Company is one of the largest producers of this product needed for the more than 35 billion cans made each year.

Tin plate is, of course, just one of many steels made by National Steel. Our research and production men work closely with customers in many fields to provide better steels for better products.

For, at National Steel, it is our constant goal to produce steel—America's great bargain metal—of the quality and in the quantity wanted, at the lowest possible cost to our customers.

NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION GRANT BUILDING



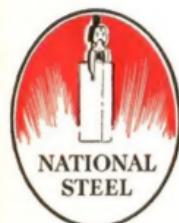
PITTSBURGH, PA.



America's bountiful corn crop is harvested in every state in the Union. Picked at the peak of perfection, it is rushed to nearby canneries for quick packing.



At canneries, ears of corn are husked, cleaned and carefully inspected for freshness and ripeness, so that only the finest of the crop is packed in sanitary cans.



SEVEN GREAT DIVISIONS
WELDED INTO ONE COMPLETE
STEEL-MAKING STRUCTURE

Great Lakes Steel Corporation • Weirton Steel Company • Stran-Steel Corporation • The Hanna Furnace Corp. • National Steel Products Co. • Hanna Iron Ore Co. • National Mines Corp.

Usually within hours after harvesting, corn is packed in hermetically sealed, tin-coated cans of steel which lock in the rich flavor and vitamins for you.



On this...even seniors and freshmen agree!

Any man-on-campus can tell you: all college men go for flannels and tweeds. And that's where those old classmates, Hart Schaffner & Marx come into the picture. Their exclusive Eton Flannels



Plenty of Campus comment.

and Lightweight Pan-American Tweeds, in lively charred tones, are virtually an undergraduate must.

The Freshman, on the left, wears a lamp-black Eton Flannel suit of Eastern influence. It is the classic, 3-button, center-vent Racquet Club model. The Senior is a symphony in Pan-American Tweeds. His dark brown, corncock-pattern Racquet Club model suit is also very "down-east" and his black-brown Pan-American topcoat is equally terrific. Ask any co-ed! This general enthusiasm seems to be as unanimous in the world of Commerce as it is on Campus. And which category are you in?

HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX



LETTERS

Nicetown's Boy

Sir:
Somebody goofed! As sure as I'm a Dodger fan, the man on your Aug. 8 cover is not baseball's greatest active catcher . . . Yogi Berra is. How could you do such a thing?

ELAINE MAKOWSKY

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:
. . . Campy is the greatest catcher in baseball today, and that includes Yogi Berra . . .

AUDREY ANDERSON

West Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir:
The segregationists of White America Inc. (and its allied klans) could find deep wisdom in the humble genius of Roy Campanella, who apparently is as facile at the art of living as he is at catching baseballs . . . I congratulate you for recognizing once again that citizenship is a matter of service, not pigmentation.

CHARLES OVERHOLT

Little Rock, Ark.

Sir:
. . . We Nicetowners are proud . . .

EMIL SCHURGOT

President

Nicetown Business Men's Association
Philadelphia

Sir:
What a beautifully written piece on Roy Campanella . . . My admiration and congratulations . . .

PAUL GALLICO

Masesch, Liechtenstein

Wintle's Way

Sir:
Re your Aug. 8 article on that beloved character, Lieut. Colonel Alfred Daniel Wintle, I was beginning to fear that this world was rid of such glorious individuals. I met Wintle in the Middle East when I was a merchant seaman. He couldn't stand the sight of us drinking warm Canadian beer, said as much, threw the café owner over the bar, disappeared and returned with a case of the best Scotch available, plus bottles of soda and ice cubes.

Aloof, regally proud, he had the best resembles the man beyond good or evil—a great individual. The British Empire was built strong by Wintles . . . May he live long . . .

THEODORE M. ABRAMS

Montreal

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Sir:
Bravo for Cavalry Colonel Wintle . . . Here is a man!

ALAN D. HUTCHINSON
Lieutenant, U.S.A.
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:
In your account of that nasty (in the English sense) little mess, Alfred Wintle, are you sure that London's *Daily Express* spoke "admiringly" when it said: "Here is an Englishman" . . .

JAMES WHARTON

Weems, Va.

¶ Sure.—Ed.

Sir:
. . . When I knew Wintle in Cairo during 1941, his plan for pruning GHQ by interrogation ("What have you done today to win the war?") had [the] attraction of the unorthodox, and until I was assured to the contrary, I shall always maintain that he smuggled himself on board the ship repatriating Vichy French from Beirut in the character of a piano tuner.

(SIR) LAURENCE GRAFFTEY-SMITH
Villedômer, France

Sir:
. . . I was particularly fascinated by the name of the gin drink which Colonel Wintle enjoyed in Cairo's Shepheard's Hotel. "Suffering Bathwater" sounds like a dandy drink. Can you help me out with the recipe for this concoction?

WILLIAM C. SNAZEL

Guelph, Ont.

Sir:
I was advised by the bartender at the back bar of Shepheard's that the concoction was popularly called a "Suffering Bastard," and, originally, a "Suffering Bar Steward," so named by its inventor, a usually hung-over attendant there. While the ingredients were secret, it did contain gin, brandy, fresh mint, ginger ale and certain fluids which not only magically cured a hangover, but usually started the patient on his way to a new one.

B. FRANKLIN ESHLEMAN II
Philadelphia

The Philosophers' Stone

Sir:
In your Aug. 15 article on Dr. W. F. Libby . . . you discuss some safety experiments [on the explosive potential of runaway reactors] conducted by Oak Ridge

national cost by calling Western Union by number and asking for Operator 25.

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WINCHESTER EXPERT SHOOTING FUNCTIONS OF A RIFLE AS IN A LABORATORY ENVIRONMENT



Nothing but a perfect rifle can pass Winchester testing technicians. First, experimental models are subjected to every conceivable abuse and must function flawlessly. They are given an endurance test equal to several lifetimes of hard use—accuracy checks that guarantee superb shooting ability—gruelling mud and water tests to check performance under almost impossible conditions.

Second, once production, testing on an accepted rifle goes on forever to make sure there is no relaxing of Winchester standards. Every Winchester is proof-tested with overloads, every Winchester is fired from the shoulder for accuracy and alignment, every Winchester gets a functioning check. Winchester rifles are the unequalled standard of the firearms industry—they will hold that position as long as they are made.

Standard Big Game Rifle of the World

The Winchester Model 70. Barrel action and action both made of Winchester Proof-Steel.

American Walnut stock. Hinged floor plate. Three position safety. Wide choice of style, grade and caliber.

Priced from \$120.95*



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*Prices subject to change without notice.



High speed photography that freezes bullets in flight is an invaluable aid in determining barrel vibration patterns. Winchester engineers use this information in the creation of rock-steady barrels for ever-smaller groups.



Every Winchester gets an actual fire-from-the-shoulder test to make sure that accuracy is up to the standards set by the greatest firearms makers in the world.

Here, in the proof house, is where every Winchester gets its final test-firing with proof overloads. Upon passing, the barrel and action are stamped with "WP," your symbol of shooting safety.

Cadillac



Brings Out The Best In a Man!

Wonderful things happen to a man when he takes to the highway at the wheel of his Cadillac.

To begin with, he *looks* his best! There's pride in his face . . . and happiness in his heart . . . and confidence in his bearing . . . as he sits in command of the "car of cars."

And how grand he *feels*! The car carries him in perfect comfort . . . and there is so little effort to his driving that he completely relaxes.

And even his character takes on new graciousness—pausing for pedestrians . . . and offering every courtesy to his fellow motorists.

All this is to say, of course, that a Cadillac brings out the very *best* in a man. In fact, owners freely admit that the car acts as a wonderful tonic for their spirit and outlook and disposition.

And, of course, the great Cadillac car for 1955 offers more of everything to please and delight its lucky owners . . . and to inspire their contentment and satisfaction.

Incidentally, now is the perfect time to make the move to Cadillac . . . from a standpoint of both economy and delivery. Why not visit your Cadillac dealer soon and see for yourself?



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

National Laboratory. I believe these are the experiments which were conducted by Argonne National Laboratory in 1953 and 1954 at the Atomic Energy Commission's National Reactor Testing Station in Idaho . . .

L. C. FURNEY

Staff Assistant

Laboratory Director's Office
Argonne National Laboratory
Lemont, Ill.

¶ TIME erred.—Ed.

The Heretic

Sir:

Your Aug. 8 story of the "heresy" trial of George Crist Jr. brings out a basic problem of Protestantism in general. One of the basic Protestant tenets is that everyone is free to interpret the Scriptures as he pleases—which Mr. Crist does—*ergo*, according to Protestant principles, he is not a heretic. Was it not the boast of the great heretic, Luther, the father of Protestantism that "No man can command my conscience?" Whence, then, comes the right of the Rev. Paul Wagner Roth to plead to Crist, "We all would be most happy if you could make the supreme sacrifice of your intellectual doubts and differences as a bearer of the cross and a follower of Christ?"?

(THE REV.) GROVER E. BELL

Pope St. Gregory the Great Church
Overland, Mo.

Sir:

The clergy are quick to remind us that we have been endowed by our Creator with the power of reason, but alas, they forbid us to use it . . . The case of the Rev. George Crist demonstrates that dogmatic religion belongs to the infancy of human reason.

JOHN O. WITHER

Forty Fort, Pa.

Sir:

. . . Pastor Crist must have felt a bit like Luther himself but with the added disillusionment of learning that one's church is a dead and stagnant thing . . .

JOHN R. YOUNG JR.

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . The impression left by your account of my "trial" must be answered if I am to go on living with myself. There is the general and damning impression that here is a brash young jerk (this part of it may be true) flouting authority, obviously out of step with his own group, teaching doctrine clearly in conflict with the doctrine of the group and insisting on his right to do so—darling the group to do something about it. This part is not true.

I have not set out to teach doctrine in conflict with Lutheran doctrine. In the trial I flatly denied most of the charges, e.g., that I deny the Resurrection, teach a non-Lutheran doctrine of baptismal regeneration. I have attempted what every preacher must attempt, to interpret the doctrine, to translate it into today's language and thought forms. That I have often misfired and goofed there is not the slightest doubt.

There is the impression that the "trial" was not really a trial at all, but an attempt on the part of the "committee" to "reconcile its views with Pastor Crist's." This is false. It was a trial! The blasphemous assumption that here was a bunch of nice guys trying desperately to win over a prodigal son makes me sick! . . .

"Life in Christ" is the content of faith—not intellectual assent to a list of propositional truths but the total involvement of my life in creative freedom, in that love which is incarnate in Christ. Regarding the Biblical accounts: I have not attempted a so-called naturalistic explanation. I have merely asserted what seems a normal and natural assumption, that the accounts as such are relative,



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If you are among those who think that an all-weather oil need be short-lived, especially in summer, then it's time you tried Quaker State Super Blend. This is *one* motor oil created for the newer high compression engines that boasts famous Quaker State *endurance*. It lasts and lasts, even in hot weather and hard driving. It's refined in special ways from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the finest. Then blended with modern chemicals to keep your engine free from rust, corrosion, sticking valves, ping and knock, and loss of power. Helps you save on gas, too. Try it!



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*"For 14 years,
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 more and better
 protection for our people
 against hospital expense!"*

says **H. H. WINDSOR, JR.**
Editor and Publisher, Popular Mechanics Magazine



"The very fact that we've had Blue Cross here since 1941 evidences our satisfaction. We have been especially impressed with the way Blue Cross provides for the actual hospital care needed by the individual employee and his family. This, together with the low cost and saving on administrative work, makes Blue Cross outstanding."

**Serving nationwide...Blue Cross
 is the only organization for
 prepayment of hospital care
 officially approved by the
 American Hospital Association.**

BLUE CROSS protects employees of 345,000 companies — more companies than served by any other organization in its field. This remarkable acceptance grows out of the many special advantages Blue Cross brings both employer and employee.

Blue Cross is unique. Officially approved by the American Hospital Association, Blue Cross has a working relationship with local hospitals. For the employee, this means he and his family need only show the Blue Cross card at the hospital. Bills are settled directly with the hospital by Blue Cross. **More efficient for management.** By dealing directly with hospitals, Blue Cross relieves companies of costly paper work. There is no need to file claims or follow-up cases.

Benefits based on needs. The Blue Cross objective is to provide for hospital care actually needed rather than fixed dollar allowances. This covers basic hospital services, and many extras as well.

The cost is low. A nonprofit organization, Blue Cross sets aside for payment of hospital bills every cent it receives, except for the modest amount to cover expenses. Such efficiency meant \$763,000,000 in hospital care last year! Nationwide, Blue Cross is organized in each area by business and hospital executives. Costs and benefits are adjusted to local conditions.

Easily adapted to welfare programs. Blue Cross can be integrated into almost any employee benefit "package", in either large or small companies. Blue Cross may also become a retirement benefit, for the employee may keep it when he leaves the company.

For full information on protection advantages of Blue Cross, contact your local Blue Cross Plan. Or write Blue Cross Commission, Dept. 402, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Ill.

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25th ANNIVERSARY YEAR!

TIME, AUGUST 29, 1955

historical, open to investigation and therefore subject to a variety of interpretations and opinions. Luther recognized this. Those who have raised these issues have insisted on my holding their opinions, not on the level of faith and religious significance, but on the level of the text itself, that is, on the level of the historically relative. To ask for "reconciliation" here is to ask for intellectual and spiritual suicide.

GEORGE P. CRIST JR.

Laona, Wis.

The Woman in the House (Contd.)

Sir:

Re Editor Fischer's vicious diatribe against American wives [Aug. 8]: there are many thousands of working wives, complete with home, husband, children, in-laws, their assorted social and economic problems, etc., against the precious females of Fischer's imagination. The lives of these working amazons do not look like the picture he paints. Sure, she has a place to sleep and clothes to wear and food to eat, even a car of doubtful vintage to battle the rush hour traffic twice a day.

But brother, she's earned them by the efforts of her own unpolished finger tips. Yeh, we're becoming a matriarchy, but little does this blind infant, Fischer, know what kind it is . . .

MRS. A. K. FIETZ

Downey, Calif.

Sir:

. . . If men are docile and "eunuchoid," it is their own fault. If a wife makes any sort of request that involves money when the husband retires to his lair to rest from the day's hunting, it is because it is the only time she sees him long enough to get any discussion on the matter. Responsibility in marriage goes further than merely providing a paycheck and material comforts. It is in that notion that the true "cultural poverty" of the husband lies. Men had better stop treating their wives like the housemaids their mothers once had and treat them like the companions they would like to be.

MRS. S. J. PHILLIPS

Swarthmore, Pa.

Sir:

. . . My husband is a Southern gentleman and he believes in slave labor—mine . . . but I simply can't imagine the sort of household Mr. Fischer is describing, since I do the painting, the wallpapering, the sewing, cooking, dishwashing and other such activities around here. I am genuinely glad to see Pappy come home at 5:30. Not to nag at him, either, because I think he is wonderful.

DOROTHY M. ALEXANDER

Denver

Brides in Nigeria

Sir:

Re your Aug. 8 article, "Nigeria: Wives for Sale Cheap," when you referred to Eastern Nigeria's marriage institution as "where men buy their wives and thereafter own them". I come from this part of Africa, and my beloved mother is not my father's property, or anybody's property, for that matter. Men in Nigeria do not own their wives, neither do they buy them as our reporter would buy his typewriter. It is true that marriage in Eastern Nigeria requires more obligatory spending than, say, in your country. This amount is used for purposes other than hoarding or for personal spending by the bride's father—such as buying cooking utensils, clothes, sewing machines, jewelry, and such things needed for the home and the bride.

UDUAROH OKEKE

Brooklyn



H. H. Windsor, Jr., *Editor and Publisher, Popular Mechanics Magazine, also says—*

"To cover surgical-medical expenses, we chose BLUE SHIELD—and it has given us just what we needed!"

This is the famous plan . . . sponsored by the medical profession . . . that is helping people meet surgical, medical and maternity expenses.

"The liberal help Blue Shield gives in defraying the cost of physicians' services—particularly for surgery—has benefited many in our company. The decision to add Blue Shield protection to that of Blue Cross was a sound one."

Quick facts on Blue Shield:

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Pays generous, specific amounts for hundreds of operations, plus many

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handsome suits of 40% "Orlon" and 60% wool. In the foreground is a fine Shetland type, about \$55. In the background, a luxurious flannel, about \$55. Available now at these and other fine stores: Latton's, Chicago and vicinity; Juster Bros., Minneapolis; Harry Saffrin, Detroit; Bill's, Inc., Milwaukee; Smith's Ltd., Oakland.

*"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trade-mark for its acrylic fiber.

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or garments;

TIME, AUGUST 29, 1955



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



195 MPH IN 1929...693 MPH IN 1954

What new speed will the Thompson Trophy Event set this year?

IN 1929 an Atlanta, Ga., pilot named Doug Davis won the first Thompson Products Trophy Race when he flew his Travelair "Mystery Ship" at the record speed of a then-fantastic 195 mph.

Last year Air Force Captain Eugene P. Sonnenberg streaked his U.S.A.F. Sabrejet around the 62-mile Thompson Trophy course at an average speed of more than 693 mph.

This year?

Nobody knows the new speed for the famed Thompson Trophy which will be announced at the National Aircraft Show in Philadelphia this coming Labor Day weekend.

For 25 years the famed Thompson Products Trophy Race has served as a grueling test of many important tech-

nical advances in aviation . . . advances in high-speed plane and engine design, maneuverability and safety. Many of these developments, first proved in the annual Thompson Trophy events, have become standard improvements in both military and commercial aircraft.

The history of the blue-ribbon Thompson event is dotted with the names of aviation's greats . . . Jimmy Doolittle . . . Roscoe Turner . . . Cook Cleland . . . and many others. And on September 5th another name will be added to the long list of Thompson Trophy winners.

The Thompson Trophy Race only highlights Thompson Products' cooperation with the aviation industry. Thompson has worked side by side with aviation for 38 years, developing

testing and manufacturing complex parts for both engine and airframe. Aviation is but one of the many industries that have learned to count on Thompson . . . industries such as automotive, agriculture, electronics, powder metallurgy, home appliances, light metals. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

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Thompson
Products

MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMOTIVE, AIRCRAFT, INDUSTRIAL AND ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS. FACTORIES IN HICKORY, N.C.

Vol. LXVI No. 9

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 29, 1955

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



Courtesy

RED ARMY INFANTRYMEN PARADE IN MOSCOW
The 640,000 question: Will they really demobilize?

FOREIGN RELATIONS Network of Alarm

Next week, before the Disarmament Subcommittee of the U.N., the U.S. will make its first attempt since the Geneva Conference to reach a limitation of arms agreement with the Russians. Once more the U.S. will ask the Russians to accept President Eisenhower's proposal to exchange military secrets and the right to photograph each other's territory from the air. The U.S. is ready to accept a Russian plan to station disarmament inspectors of each country at harbors, rail junctions and airfields of the other country; but the U.S. will also insist that the inspectors visit atomic-weapon plants.

The U.S. objective: to set up "a system of alarm," so that neither power will be able to suddenly concentrate its forces for surprise attack. Should the Russians go along, the U.S. will propose that ground-air controls be applied to the entire world.

This issue of ground-air controls is what one high U.S. official calls "the disarmament logjam," meaning that it blocks the way to agreement on related issues such as the cessation of atomic tests and the limitation of conventional weapons. Last week Secretary of State John Foster Dulles welcomed the Soviet Union's recent announcement that it would soon

demobilize 640,000 troops (TIME, Aug. 22), but noted that "the military significance is not easy to judge. No official information has ever been provided as to the size of the Soviet armed forces and reserves . . . Effective inspection to verify the facts are necessary for any meaningful and intelligent approach."



SECRETARY DULLES
The next question: verification.

THE PRESIDENCY Five Days with Grandfather

President Eisenhower had carefully plotted his vacation plans. For the past two summers he had been hampered, on his annual arrival in Denver, with a load of unfinished business. For the first few weeks he had found himself tied to his desk at Lowry Air Force Base almost half of each day, signing bills and attending to leftover work from Washington. This summer, determined to relax for a couple of weeks at least, he had bidden away at his chores before leaving on vacation. Last week his briefcase was empty, and except for some routine duties Ike could look forward to a fortnight of almost uninterrupted vacationing. "This year," he announced on his arrival in Denver, "I'm going to have a good time."

Soup & 412 Trout. The President's idea of a good time covers a lot of territory—golf, bridge, fishing, shooting, painting, and even cooking. Last week he was happily dabbling in his off-duty hobbies. By 6 o'clock on his first morning in Denver, he was up and around the kitchen of Mrs. Elivira Doud, his mother-in-law, cooking up a huge kettle of his celebrated vegetable soup.

After two days shaking off his Washington tensions, the President left for five days at the mountain ranch of his good

friend, Denver Banker Aksel Nielsen, Ike had hoped to commute regularly by air between Denver and the ranch this summer, and had brought his twin-engined Aero Commander plane along as a taxi, but Presidential Pilot William Draper felt that the thin mountain air and the sudden thunderstorms made flying too risky, so Ike reluctantly made the 75-mile trip by Cadillac.

At Byers Peak Ranch (altitude: 8,600 ft.), Ike found that some changes had been made since his last visit. Near the rustic cabin where the President had roughed it in previous years, Host Nielsen had built a comfortable new prefabricated rambler with an ultramodern electric kitchen calculated to delight an

who accompanied Ike. The weather was drizzly, so the President set up his easel in the living room and was soon absorbed in painting the view of the mountains from a large picture window. Later in the morning he strolled to a nearby pasture to whack old golf balls at a target; by 11:30 he and Nielsen, in hip boots, were headed for the trout stream. Within a few minutes Ike caught a fine 2-lb. rainbow.

Under the careful coaching of Grandfather and "Mr. Nielsen," young David tried his inexpert hand at fly-casting, driving a golf ball, and riding one of the dappled horses in Nielsen's stable. One day the press came by to record David's progress. Said Ike proudly: "He wants to



United Press

THE EISENHOWERS: DAVID & IKE
Both were riding high.

old K.P. like Ike. St. Louis Creek had been deepened in spots for better fishing, and freshly stocked with trout, and a new, one-acre pond near the house was leaping with 412 hungry rainbow trout which Nielsen had thoughtfully dumped in a week before at a cost of \$500.

The President's greatest pleasure, however, was in a guest who turned up at the ranch two hours after his own arrival. Grandson David Eisenhower, 7, had been spending two weeks at a nearby boys' camp, and when Ike realized how close it was, he jumped at the chance to have David all to himself for the first time. Barbara Eisenhower agreed to let her son spend five days with Grandfather before he returned to his home in Fort Belvoir, Va. That night Ike set the table himself, and placed a steaming bowl of his vegetable soup in front of David.

Flapjacks & Hip Boots. Next morning the President cooked breakfast (flapjacks and link sausages), and Nielsen gave a casting lesson to David and Jack Tkach, twelve-year-old son of Major Walter Tkach, assistant White House physician,

fish, he wants to play golf, he wants to ride. There are so many things he wants to do, and like all little boys, he doesn't know which one he wants." When a reporter commented on David's easy handling of a big horse, Ike said: "Well, after all, I was riding in Kansas when I was his age."

Obedience Test. Over the weekend, David and Grandfather were hosts at a hot-dog and pop party for 32 of David's recent campmates. "The President and his staff, Dwight David Eisenhower II, invite the members of Sky Line Ranch to Byers Peak Ranch for a luncheon," read the invitation. Ike found himself surrounded and cut off by a swarm of pop-eyed youngsters. "Boy, I've never met a President before!" said one little boy. "A lot of people twice your age have never met one either," confided Ike.

This week the Eisenhowers came down from the mountains for a visit in Denver at Great-Grandmother Doud's. "He's a good boy," said Ike, swelling with grandfatherly pride. "He does exactly what you tell him."

THE WHITE HOUSE

Closed for Repairs

The big house at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue looked deserted. The windows, shorn of their rich hangings, had a vacant look about them, and on the White House gates there were neat, white wooden signs: CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC. Inside the mansion, a sander went to work in the East Room, smoothing away pits and scars on the quartered-oak parquet floor. By week's end the floor was ready for filling and waxing. This week a crew of maintenance men will move in to fix the floors, touch up the paneling in the State Dining Room, and dry-clean the soiled draperies and damask wall coverings in the Red, Green and Blue Rooms. By Sept. 30, the old mansion will be gleaming again.

Although the White House was virtually rebuilt in 1949-52 at a cost of \$5,800,000, the new repairs are necessary and routine; since the mansion was reopened in April 1952, some 3,039,220 tourists have inspected it. The public is admitted five days a week between 10 a.m. and noon, and despite the brief visiting hours, tourists troop through at the rate of 3,000 a day (sometimes more than twice that in the spring, when Washington's tourism is at a peak). Inevitably, the floors have been scarred by more than 6,000,000 heels, and the hangings and wall coverings have been soiled by those who could not resist the urge to touch. The repairs—handled by White House maintenance men—are necessary every two years, and were arranged this summer to coincide with the President's vacation in Colorado.

Despite the damage inflicted, the public is well-behaved in the White House. No one has attempted to carry off souvenirs, according to members of the police detail who chaperone the public through its roped-off route, and few question the President's right to the privacy of his own bedroom. In Andrew Jackson's day, the public had free access to all parts of the White House. According to one account of Jackson's Inauguration Day: "High and low, old and young, black and white, poured in one solid column into this spacious mansion. Here was the corpulent epicure grunting and sweating for breath—the dandy wishing he had no toes—and the office seeker." On Jackson's first Inauguration Day, more than 20,000 people poured in, breaking thousands of dollars worth of furniture and crockery, raiding the pantry, spilling punch on the carpets, standing on the chairs, and overwhelming President Jackson, who finally fled for his life out the back door.

SECURITY

An Orwellian Glimpse

As a Washington lawyer, 32-year-old Adam Yarmolinsky, onetime law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed, found frequent occasion to wonder about the mysterious operation of the U.S. Government's security program, conducted be-

hind closed doors, with vague charges, unnamed witnesses, and questionable verdicts. Yarmolinsky, along with some other inquisitive lawyers, decided to try to find out about the security program. Working under a \$50,000 grant from the Fund for the Republic, the Yarmolinsky group has studied some 300 security cases over the past year.

Last week Yarmolinsky made public his findings in 50 of the cases, selected as typical samplings of the entire survey. The reports are necessarily incomplete, since the Government's files were not made available to Yarmolinsky's lawyer-interviewers. To date for this deficit, Yarmolinsky made a special effort to rely on such documentary evidence as the written charges, the written responses of the employees under investigation, and the transcripts of the hearings furnished to the employees. As such, the Yarmolinsky report affords an Orwellian glimpse behind the closed doors of the security program. Some of the case histories:

Case No. 39 was a Signal Corps civilian typist, with no access to classified documents. He was charged with being "closely associated" with his father, who had been reported to be a Communist. The employee said that he himself disapproved of Communism, indicated that partly because of politics, he never got along well with his father.

At the employee's hearing in 1954, says the Yarmolinsky report: "The attorney adviser [to the loyalty board] inquired about reading habits, and found out that the employee seldom strayed beyond the sports page. He was asked what headlines attracted his attention and whether he followed the U.N. . . . Then followed questions about the purpose of the Korean war, the nature of the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, the New York Communist trial, and tidelands oil . . . One member of the board brought out that the employee [during the Korean war] dated Japanese girls. Another member tried to establish the fact that the father sought to be patriarchal in his relations with the employee, as fathers were in his homeland of Lithuania. The employee responded that actually the mother wore the pants. The first member asked if the employee traveled around Japan sightseeing, and learned that in addition to his dates with Japanese girls, he had divided his other spare time between the baseball park and the Far East track team."

About six months after the case against him was instituted, the employee was reinstated in his job—but, shaken by the experience, he declined re-employment.

Case No. 75 was a clerical civilian employee with the Signal Corps, handling documents labeled "Secret." She was suspended from work for maintaining "a close and continuing association" with her brother, who was suspected of being a Communist sympathizer. In her hearing came this series of questions and answers:

Board Member: Are you prepared to refrain from joining the Communist Party? Do you understand what I mean? Are

you prepared not to join the Communist Party?

Employee: I never had thought about joining the Communist Party.

Board Member: If you had knowledge of your brother's belonging to any of these organizations that are listed in the Attorney General's list, would you come forward and give that information or would you try to shield him?

Employee: I don't understand what you mean, try to shield him. Try to shield him from what?

Board Member: Suppose you were reinstated and found out later that your brother was involved in any one of these organizations . . . Would you come forth and tell your supervisor in this agency



George A. Alexander

LAWYER YARMOLINSKY
Some were ridden.

that your brother was connected in any one of these organizations?

Employee: Would that be part of my duties?

Board Member: You don't know; is that your answer? You don't know what you should do?

Employee's Counsel: What she would do, should do.

Employee: I don't know what I would do. Some things you don't know until they really happen . . .

Board Member: If you knew your brother was going to or was in the process of committing an act of sabotage or espionage, would you warn the authorities?

Employee: If I knew he was going to commit sabotage: Certainly I would tell them, because he would only be hurting himself.

Nearly a year after she was suspended from work, the employee received word that her record was "not clearly consistent with the interest of national security." She was dismissed.

Case No. 107, a substitute postal clerk, was accused, among other things, of having

Communist art hung on the wall of his home. At his hearing, the employee said he owned reproductions of Picasso, Matisse, Renoir and Modigliani. He was rated ineligible for permanent Civil Service appointment and barred from competing in Civil Service examinations for three years.

Case No. 190 was a Negro woman, employed by the Agriculture Department as a tabulator machine operator. She was questioned about her relationship with a suspected Communist, whom she said she had met only two or three times. This aimless exchange ensued:

Q. You say he was dark brown?

A. Yes.

Q. And you say you are a light brown?

A. No, but he was darker than I am.

Q. What would you say your color was?

A. I would call myself dark brown.

Q. You call yourself dark brown?

A. Yes.

Q. And—

A. But he was darker than I am.

The employee eventually went back to work at her old job.

Time, Money, Agony. Some of the cases cited by Yarmolinsky involved obvious security risks; others just as obviously involved reliable, patriotic citizens. In some instances, the employees got their jobs back; in others, dismissal was the end result. But in virtually none of the cases was anything accomplished by the loyalty boards, with their mass of rules and regulations and their fumbling procedures, that could not have been done by an individual bureaucrat with a modicum of common sense and the simple right to hire and fire in the interests of national security. And a great deal of time and money, not to mention human agony and governmental dignity, could have been saved.

TERRITORIES

New Man for the Virgins

Archie A. Alexander, 67, prosperous Iowa building contractor, proved to be a controversial governor of the Virgin Islands (pop. 26,665). A bustling, high-handed administrator with a talent for making enemies, he quickly got into difficulties in the languorous islands. Last month in the St. Thomas market place, hundreds of islanders demonstrated against Alexander, accusing him of incompetence, cronyism, and overriding their wishes. Soon after, he suffered a heart attack. Last week President Eisenhower accepted Alexander's resignation.

His successor: Walter A. Gordon, 60, who like Alexander is a Negro and a self-made man. A penologist and one-time football hero (guard on Walter Camp's 1918 All-American third team), he has been a longtime champion of civil rights on the West Coast and a warm friend of Chief Justice Earl Warren.

ARMED FORCES "A Line Must Be Drawn"

"By virtue of the authority vested in me as President of the U.S., and as Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces of the U.S." President Eisenhower last week enunciated the U.S.'s first formal code of conduct for prisoners of war. The code resulted from the bitter experience of the Korean war, in which 38% of 7,190 U.S. prisoners of war died of disease, malnutrition or maltreatment,¹ and in which at least 192 P.W.s were found chargeable with collaborating with the enemy. It was a stern document, founded upon "the qualities which we associate with men of integrity and character," for it summoned U.S. fighting men to defy enemy interrogators, and to deny the enemy the advantages of luring Americans from their allegiance.

"A line of resistance must be drawn somewhere, and initially as far forward as possible," the Defense Department's Advisory Committee on Prisoners of War reported to the President. "The name, rank and service number provisions of the Geneva conventions is accepted as this line of resistance. However, in the face of experience, it is recognized that the P.W. may be subjected to an extreme of coercion beyond his ability to resist. If in his battle with the interrogator he is driven from his first line of resistance, he must be trained for resistance in successive positions. And, to stand on the final line to the end—no disclosure of vital military information, and above all no disloyalty in word or deed to his country, his service or his comrades." President Eisenhower appended his own soldierly footnote: "Every member of the armed forces of the U.S. is expected to measure up . . ."

Codes of Chivalry. The new U.S. code of conduct for prisoners of war (*see box*) is the kernel of a finding by the Advisory Committee on what happened to U.S. soldiers captured in Korea. For several weeks the committee consulted former P.W.s and their records, sifted through military histories and reports of the P.W.s in Korea seeking answers to the problems from service chiefs, educators, clergymen, doctors and psychiatrists, officials of labor and veterans' organizations. To set the precedents for the new code, the committee researched back to primitive man, who automatically slaughtered all of his prisoners, and it quoted from *J. Samuel*: "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts

The highest death rate among U.S. prisoners since the Revolutionary War. During the Civil War, 14% of the Union's P.W.s died in Confederate captivity, including 26% of the 49,483 prisoners at Andersonville, Ga. During World War I, 4,130 U.S. soldiers were captured, but only 147 died in the German Kaiser's prison camps. During World War II, the toll was 14,090 out of 129,701 U.S. prisoners—a cruel 10.9%; 10,031 out of 26,943 U.S. Army and Air Force prisoners died in the hands of the Japanese—37%—while only 1,238 out of 96,321 Army and Air Force prisoners died in the European and Mediterranean theaters.

. . . Go and smite Amalek and utterly destroy all that they have and spare them not." The committee reported the exhortations of Germanicus as his legions poured into the Rhineland: "Slay, and slay on! Do not take prisoners!"

As Christianity brought the Western world concepts of mercy and chivalry, the treatment of prisoners improved. During the Revolution, the Continental army decreed death for American P.W.s who took up arms for the British after their capture; duress or coercion were not accepted as an excuse unless the P.W. could show he had been threatened with death. During the Civil War, 3,170 Union P.W.s who joined their Confederate captors were liable for prosecution and some were put to death; the U.S. also ruled at this time that it was the duty of P.W.s to escape.

Trial by Degradation. In Korea, the committee reported, the 7,190 P.W.s were crowded into 20 squalid camps—if they

could survive the death marches to get there. "On one of these marches 700 men were headed north," the committee reported. "Before the camp was reached, 500 men had perished."

Inside most of the camps the P.W.s got a diet of rice, occasionally augmented by foul soup. Men in the "bad" camps lost 50 pounds in a few weeks; hundreds died from dysentery. The committee continued: "By [Communist] design, and because some officers refused to assume leadership responsibility, organization in some of the P.W. camps deteriorated . . . The men scuffled for their food. Hoarders grabbed all the tobacco. Morale decayed to the vanishing point. Each man mistrusted the next. Bullies persecuted the weak and sick. Filth bred disease, and contagion swept the camp." This was often the point where the Communists offered food and better treatment to those of the P.W.s who would become "progressives." "The prisoner might start the hard way—and be punished by restricted rations and other privations," said the committee. "If he began to show the 'proper spirit'—to cooperate with his captors—he was lectured and handed Communist literature. A docile prisoner who read the literature and listened politely to the lectures was graduated to a better class. Finally, he might be sent to 'Peaceful Valley.' In this lenient camp the food was relatively good. Prisoners might even have tobacco . . ."

Trial by Indoctrination. The committee continued: "When plunged into a Communist indoctrination mill, the average American P.W. was under a serious handicap. Enemy political officers forced him to read Marxian literature. He was compelled to participate in debates. He had to tell what he knew about American politics and American history. And many times the Chinese or Korean instructors knew more about these subjects than he did. This brainstorming caught many American prisoners off guard. To most of them it came as a complete surprise, and they were unprepared . . ."

"A large number of American P.W.s did not know what the Communist program was all about. Some were confused by it. Self-seekers accepted it as an easy out. A few may have believed the business. They signed peace petitions and peddled Communist literature. It was not an inspiring spectacle . . . Ignorance lay behind much of this trouble. A great many servicemen were teen-agers. At home they had thought of politics as dry editorials or uninteresting speeches, dull as ditchwater. They were unprepared to give the commissars an argument . . . The uninformed P.W.s were up against it. They couldn't answer arguments in favor of Communism with arguments in favor of Americanism, because they knew very little about their America."

The committee was gratified that few indeed of the P.W.s became Communist converts, but found that many more of the P.W.s who were not "progressives" nonetheless "went along." The commit-

SOLDIER'S CODE

Six precepts of conduct for U.S. combatants, as enunciated last week by President Eisenhower:

1) I am an American fighting man. I serve in the forces which guard my country and our way of life. I am prepared to give my life in their defense.

2) I will never surrender of my own free will. If in command, I will never surrender my men while they still have the means to resist.

3) If I am captured, I will continue to resist by all means available. I will make every effort to escape and aid others to escape. I will accept neither parole nor special favors from the enemy.

4) If I become a prisoner of war, I will keep faith with my fellow prisoners. I will give no information or take part in any action which might be harmful to my comrades. If I am senior, I will take command. If not, I will obey the lawful orders of those appointed over me, and will back them up in every way.

5) When questioned, should I become a prisoner of war, I am bound to give only name, rank, service number, and date of birth. I will evade answering further questions to the utmost of my ability. I will make no oral or written statements disloyal to my country and its allies, or harmful to their cause.

6) I will never forget that I am an American fighting man, responsible for my actions, and dedicated to the principles which made my country free. I will trust in my God and in the United States of America.



U.S. PRISONERS OF COMMUNISTS CARRY SLOGANS IN KOREA
They couldn't answer . . . because they knew very little about America."

tee concluded that these men weakened because they lacked sufficient knowledge of U.S. democracy. The committee therefore recommended, and President Eisenhower agreed, that U.S. fighting men must henceforth be fully grounded in the principles of U.S. democracy before they go to war, because "the Korean story must never be permitted to happen again."

Trial by Interrogation. The committee inquired into cases of Communist torture, into the effect of psychological pressures like the simple denial of food and sleep—perhaps the most effective tongue-looseners of all. The committee found that for the P.W.s of Korea "the ordeal was never easy. But things weren't easy either for the combat troops battling out there in the trenches."

The committee could detect no rigid pattern of Communist interrogation, and was often impressed by the inconsistencies of the Communist enemy. "Sometimes he showed contempt for the man who readily submitted to bullying. The prisoner who stood up to the bluster, threats and blows . . . might be dismissed with a shrug . . ." Some of the P.W.s who appealed the Communists by giving them "biographical sketches" later found that the Communists used the documents against them, punishing them for "lying"; many of those who signed confessions were later informed that they were liable for new prosecution as war criminals.

The Safeguard of Character. In the course of its inquiries the committee came across a lot of evidence to confirm what every experienced serviceman and ex-serviceman knows: that pride in one's unit is the cement, whether at base, in the line, or in P.W. camps of Korea. "Many servicemen exhibited pride in themselves and their units," the committee reported, discussing the one encouraging portent of the P.W. camps. "This

was particularly pronounced where they had belonged to the same unit for years. They stood by one another . . . If a soldier were sick, his fellow soldiers took care of him. They washed his clothes, bathed him, and pulled him through. These soldiers did not let each other down. Nor could the Korean Reds win much cooperation from them."

The committee thereupon concluded: "War has been defined as a contest of wills. A trained hand holds the weapon. But the will, the character, the spirit of the individual—these control the hand. More than ever, in the war for the minds of men, moral character, will, spirit are important. As a serviceman thinks, so is he."

Guilty

Sergeant James Gallagher, looking blandly poised, took the stand last week to defend himself against charges that he had consorted with the Chinese Communists while a prisoner of war in Korea, and had caused the deaths of three of his comrades (TIME, Aug. 22). Before him in the courtroom on Governors Island in New York Harbor sat a court-martial of three colonels, four lieutenant-colonels and a major: behind him, amid the rows of spectators, sat his mother.

During his 33 months as a prisoner, Gallagher testified, he was not a murderer, but a dispenser of mercy to the weaker prisoners; he said that he had not informed upon his fellow prisoners, nor accepted rewards from the Communists. Gallagher admitted that he had signed a Communist peace petition urging U.S. troops to stop the "useless war," that he sometimes took the Communist side in camp discussion groups, that he had strung up a sick fellow prisoner from a peg: his purpose, said Gallagher, was to give the sick patient exercise. "I did not have too

many friends," he said. "The men just didn't like me. When I would walk up to another squad, the men would say, 'Shut up, here comes Gallagher.' So I associated with the 'progressives' . . . I tried to keep myself out of trouble, but just didn't believe what they taught us. There was no sense in asking for trouble from the enemy."

Sergeant Gallagher admitted that he had ejected a corporal suffering from dysentery out of his hut into 40°-below-zero cold, but he insisted that he did not thereby cause or hasten the death of the man. Gallagher denied that he had ejected a second emaciated man into the snow, as charged by six prosecution witnesses. When Sergeant Lloyd Pate, leader of the camp's anti-Communist "reactionaries," taxed him with the death of one of the men in the snow, "I told him to mind his own goddamn business," said Gallagher.

Despite a parade of ten rebuttal witnesses from the prosecution (in all, 28 former P.W.s testified against him), Sergeant Gallagher remained calm. At week's end, the court-martial gave its verdict guilty of the unpremeditated murder of both the sick men he put out into the snow, of the maltreatment—but not the murder—of the third man he had strung from the peg, guilty of collaborating with the enemy. The sentence was the maximum: confinement at hard labor "for the term of your natural life."

CRIME

23 Hours

In the breathless heat, Chicago seemed to ache for the relief of violence. On a thrashing night, Detective Bill Murphy spotted Dickie Carpenter, 26, wanted for banditry, on a subway platform. When the policeman tried to arrest the thug, Carpenter killed Murphy with a .38 he



CHICAGO POLICE CAPTURE DICKIE CARPENTER
Nothing to give.

packed under his loose sport shirt, fled on the crepe-soled shoes with which he had padded through more than 60 north and northwest side robberies since 1953.

For the next two days, his photograph on every front page, Carpenter slept in movie houses. Then Patrolman Clarence Kerr, leaving the Biltmore Theater with his wife, spotted Carpenter snoozing through the gunfire-crackling climax of a western thriller. Policeman Kerr fired five times in the darkness, but fell to the floor, critically wounded, as Carpenter dashed behind the screen and out a fire exit, trailing a spoor of blood from a slug in his right thigh. For the next 23 hours, 500 enraged detectives and 60 squads of patrolmen roamed the area, intent on getting Cop-Killer Carpenter. A helicopter watched the rooftops. Scores of radio and TV broadcasts told Chicagoans that one of the city's greatest manhunters was on.

House Guest. Five minutes after shooting Kerr, Carpenter lurched to the second-floor apartment of 31-year-old Leonard Powell, a burly (6 ft. 3 in., 210 lbs.) truck driver. Tottering, dripping blood, "looking crazy," Carpenter forced his way in at gunpoint, ordered Powell and his wife, Stella, into the living room. Diane, 3, was asleep. Robert, 7, came in to say goodnight. Powell stared silently at Carpenter, nodded at his pistol. Gunnman Carpenter put it out of sight until the boy went to his bed. Stella helped make bed-sheet bandages, obediently fed the guest bananas and milk as Carpenter sprawled on the couch, a shaky hand on his pistol. "We sat like that for hours," said Powell. "I kept thinking, if only he'd fall asleep I could jump him. I wanted to take him. I wanted to take him real bad. But the kids—I couldn't take a chance they'd get hurt."

At first, Carpenter "acted like a little god," boasted he was "smarter than the cops," who had mauled him a few years

before. Then, slowly, he began describing the long night of his past: an opera-loving slum kid raised on a fading section of Chicago's Schiller Street, where there was no one to talk to about opera, but only "guns and crazy money," where he found only a day-to-day, dreamless darkness—then a dreary round of petty stick-ups, a dead cop, the final terror of sitting on a couch, holding an innocent family at bay. Now, despite "the gret I'm causin' Ma," there was no exit. "I wouldn't last four hours if I went out on the street. Those coppers wouldn't give me a chance."

"He may have been a killer," said Mrs. Powell later, "but in a way, he's a gentleman."

At 5:30 a.m. Carpenter told Powell: "Go to work like you always do. Otherwise they'll worry there, realize you live near the theater, and put two and two together. I'll stay here with your wife and kids—and don't try anything if you want them safe." Powell left. "I called home at 8 a.m. Stella was all right. He was there, with the gun on her. I called again in the afternoon. Everything was the same. All day I wanted to call the police. But I was so afraid something would happen to Stella and the kids, I worked like normal. I worked through."

In the apartment, Carpenter crouched in the front bedroom, listening to radio flashes about the manhunt. Unaware of his presence, Diane and Robert played peacefully outside. Helpless and terrified, Stella "just did my housework and cooked dinner and waited for Len." Overhead clattered the helicopter. In the streets, police paced, looking for Carpenter.

Release from Terror. Home after a harrowing day, Powell decided to act, told Carpenter: "My wife and kids always visit with her mother every evening. They'll think something's wrong if they don't." Carpenter agreed dazedly. Once outside, Powell told Stella to keep going.

"When they were safe, I slipped into the gangway where he couldn't see me from the window, leaped a fence and ran to a cigar store to phone the police."

Moments later, police were pouring a barrage of tear gas and machine gun shells into a nearby apartment to which Carpenter fled when he heard the sirens. Sixteen minutes after Powell's call at 9:01 Thursday night, Carpenter staggered into the arms of four furious policemen, begging, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" Screamed sweating crowds in the street: "Kill him! Kill him!" Thoroughly bloodied from police punches, but still alive, Carpenter whispered with hoarse surprise: "They would have killed me if they could."

Later, in cell 37 at Cook County jail, Dickie Carpenter recalled again his love of music ("Caruso was the best, but Gigit is a genius"). And what had happened to the boy who loved their voices? "I guess I never felt I had something to give," he said. Then he began to cry.

HAWAII

Aloha, Poi

Peter Kane Jr., 45, is a familiar figure around Honolulu. For the past 14 years he has been a saxophone player in the municipal Royal Hawaiian Band, and in his gleaming white uniform he is a sight to see as the band goes marching by. Kane (pronounced Connie) is the fattest member of the band. Last year, after a vacation and a carefree feast of poi,² Peter

²A grey paste made from the potato-like taro plant and eaten with the fingers.



Honolulu Advertiser
BANDSMAN KANE
Much to spare.

waddled back to hand practice fatter than ever. He measured 5 ft. 7 in. vertically, 4 ft. 8 in. around the middle, and tipped the freight scales at 355 glorious pounds. Eying the statistics, the city's physician decided that it was just too risky for Peter to continue his work. Marching in parades, welcoming incoming ocean liners, or just climbing the steps to the bandstand in Kapiolani Park, he said, might tax Peter's overburdened heart. Kane was fired.

No More Raw Fish. On appeal to the local Civil Service Commission, Citizen Kane was returned to limited duty, put on medical probation for a year, and sternly ordered to trim down to 222 lbs. before the year was up. While all Hawaii looked on, fascinated, Peter went on a diet.

It was quite an ordeal. "I used to eat six eggs and half a loaf of bread for breakfast," he wistfully recalled last week. "Sometimes a can of corned beef. But my big meal was dinner." And at parties and *luau*, he really let go, consuming three bowls of two-finger poi and "everything else on the table": *kalua* pig, pork *laulau* (pork and salmon wrapped in taro leaves), *pulehu auk* (dried fish), *lomi* (salmon, raw, with tomatoes and chopped onion), chicken *luau*, dried squid, raw fish and *limu* (chopped seaweed), baked breadfruit and baked taro, *haupia* (coconut pudding), all washed down with plenty of beer and soft drinks. Under the new regime, Peter cut down to one egg and two slices of whole wheat toast for breakfast, firmly turned his back on beer and poi. In order to remove temptation, Mrs. Kane fed their nine children earlier than their father, so he would not have to watch them eat.

No More Sitting Around. By last December, Peter was a new man. His waistline had shrunk to a svelte 42 inches; his weight had melted to 250 lbs. After a physical, Peter got the idea that he had final clearance, but when the bandmaster told him to keep on dieting he gave up. By June he was back to a carefree 281 lbs.

Then, with the end of his lean year approaching, Kane began to worry about his job. In late June he resumed the diet, slimmed down once more to 261 lbs. by early August. For the second time Mrs. Kane began to take tucks in his uniform, and Peter noticed a big difference in his life: "Before, I used to sit around and give orders. I'd tell the kids, move a chair here, and mow the lawn, and feed the chickens. Now I get up and do it myself."

Last week, as Peter's year of dietary anguish ended, the Civil Service Commission met to consider his case. Although Kane was nearly 40 lbs. over the prescribed limit, Dr. David Katsuki, the city physician, recommended that he be reinstated. The commission sympathetically agreed, restored him to full duty. But lest Peter Kane should dream again of any poi except poi in the blue Hawaiian sky, the commission had a stern warning: he must be weighed monthly, and if his poundage exceeds 261 lbs. by so much as one ounce, he will be suspended without pay until he makes the weight again.

WEATHER

The Tempest

In the Eastern U.S., the dreadful summer of 1955 will be remembered for a long time to come. Beginning in July, the region was withered by drought and a heat wave, the worst on record, with temperatures in the 90s for a large part of the month. The heat wave had hardly ebbed when Hurricane Connie, the first damaging tropical storm of the season, delivered a lethal swipe from South Carolina to Lake Erie, leaving 43 dead. Last week the waterlogged Northeast was stricken with the worst calamity: a record-shattering rainfall and floods which brought destruction to six states.

Isolated Towns. The floods were mothered by another hurricane, Diane, which swept toward the U.S. from the mid-



MRS. LEON BECHARD & BABY
Bobbing coffins and flaring geysers.

Atlantic. But Diane turned out to be a wild sister, and soon after hitting the Carolina coast she became a mere squalling rainstorm. When the fading Diane hit the hot and humid Northeast, she released a torrent of rain—the moisture that Diane had sucked out of the ocean when she was still a whirling hurricane. For 24 hours the rains fell from burst clouds, filling rivers and streams, inundating large areas of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and New England (see NEWS IN PICTURES).

The worst single disaster struck Stroudsburg, Pa., in the Pocono Mountains, where the usually gentle Brodhead Creek rose 30 terrifying feet in 15 minutes, left more than 50 dead. At Camp Davis, a religious retreat, 31 of 40-odd campers, nearly all of them women and

* With a Farmington, Conn. rescue worker.

children, were dead or missing. Mrs. Jennie Johnson, a survivor, described it.

After a "regular wall of water" hit her bungalow and started to rip it to pieces, she and her children rushed to a more solidly built house on higher ground, where about 35 others at the camp had fled. As the water rose, the refugees retreated to the second floor, finally to the attic.

"We were terrified, but we couldn't do anything but watch the water coming up toward us. It kept getting higher and higher. When it reached the attic floor we felt the house give a shudder and the whole house collapsed. It just fell apart and all of us went tumbling into a jumble of water, boards and screams . . .

"It must be awful to drown. I went down, down, down and I guess I kept waving my arms trying to fight back to the surface. But I don't know what happened after that. All I know is that something must have hit me in the head and knocked me out." When she came to, Mrs. Johnson discovered that she and a small girl had been cast up on a heap of debris. In the morning Mrs. Johnson learned that her daughter had been saved but that her two sons and 29 other campers were dead.

Floating Cabins. In Winsted, Conn. (pop. 9,000), the serene little Mad River suddenly smashed through the town and isolated it for two days. In Farmington, Conn., little Patricia Ann Bechard drowned when a rescue boat capsized while her horrified mother, Mrs. Leon Bechard, clung to her baby daughter and watched helplessly. A Farmington fireman lashed five-year-old Linda Bartolomeo to a tree, was washed into the floodwaters himself, and later rescued. Red Cross officials found the child safe, 30 hours later. In Seymour, Conn. and Woonsocket, R.I., the floodwaters ripped through cemeteries, uprooted coffins and sent them bobbing downstream.

Probably the most frightening effect of the flood occurred at Putnam, Conn. (pop. 8,200), where the flood destroyed a magnesium plant, setting off white-hot fires. All through one terrifying night, the citizens of Putnam cringed in their homes while hundreds of barrels of burning magnesium floated in the streets, sending geysers of white-hot metal 250 feet in the air.

In his vacation headquarters at Fraser, Colo., President Eisenhower declared six Eastern states disaster areas and ordered federal relief. Swarms of helicopters and Army amphibious "ducks" were pressed into action. In one dramatic helicopter rescue, a fleet of whirlybirds rescued 235 passengers on a stranded Lackawanna Railroad train in the Poconos.

This week, as the Northeast mopped up, the 1955 flood went down in Weather Bureau records as one of the most disastrous in U.S. history. The toll of dead and missing passed 250 and was still rising (the worst on record: the Johnstown Flood of 1889, when more than 2,000 perished), and last week's damage was estimated at well over \$1.5 billion.

NEWS IN PICTURES

DIANE'S WATERY WAKE



John Gruenke/Sacramento Times

HELICOPTER RESCUE, one of many that saved marooned victims from raging flood waters in stricken states, lifts woman from Scranton (Pa.) home as husband (in window) awaits turn.



Elizabeth Wallen-Elf





United Press

STRICKEN CITY of Torrington is engulfed by Connecticut's Naugatuck River (center), whose sudden 15-ft. rise wrecked factories, swept away homes, stores and bridges, drowned at least five persons.



BLAZING FACTORY in Putnam, Conn., cut off from fire fighters by flood increased by burst dams, added to the city's woes when it launched barrels of magnesium that floated through the streets, exploding and spraying fire.



CHURNING WATERS from the overflowed Naugatuck River boil through a shopping street in Torrington. The rapid waters swept up cars, cut concrete and macadam, left one 30-ft.-deep gully.

FOREIGN NEWS

NORTH AFRICA

Revolt of the Arabs

Syria and Lebanon were gone, so was Indo-China. Last week France was enmeshed in another colonial agony—this time nearer home.

Violence that came close to actual warfare blazed across French North Africa. In an 850-mile arc from Constantine in Algeria to Casablanca in Morocco, more than 800 were killed and thousands more wounded in a spreading, sporadic rebellion that brought the wrath of Islam close to the shores of Europe. The uprisings threatened to cut off France's vast colonies in equatorial Africa. More than 300 million Moslems were already feeling their impact, from Senegal to the Celebes. In the eye of the storm were 20,000 Americans—airmen and their families stationed at the four Strategic Air Command bomber bases in western Morocco.

Shocked Alarm. In Paris there was shock and alarm. Premier Edgar Faure, who had appointed an able man to bring peace to Morocco and had then hung back from letting that man put through the reforms he demanded, condemned "this terror and savagery," and grimly warned of French retribution. In the Moroccan capital of Rabat, his appointee, French Resident General Gilbert Grandval, was shocked at the bloody collapse of his efforts to win a compromise.

"The man who arrived in Morocco a month and a half ago with the ardent desire to restore order and peace by friendship has a broken heart," said Grandval. "There is no motive that can excuse such a crime."

Day before the fighting broke out, Grandval had rushed back to Morocco from Paris with a special invitation to the nationalist leaders, asking them to meet with the French Cabinet to work out a compromise. Because Grandval had won their trust, most nationalist leaders accepted this last-minute offer. But though the moderates in Morocco urged calm on their impatient people, the extremists would not be stayed. As so often before, the French concessions came too late.

Fateful Date. The seeds of revolt had been sown over 43 years of French insensitivity to the political and spiritual longings of North Africa's Arab peoples. France gave North Africa roads, hospitals and the works of Voltaire, but not the political liberty it demanded. The spark that ignited the violence was struck one day last week. It came on *La Date Fatidique* (literally, the fateful date).

It was the second anniversary of the dethronement of Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef as head of some 9,000,000 Moroccan Moslems. On Aug. 20, 1953, the French bundled Ben Youssef aboard a DC-3 and exiled him, ostensibly to "save" him from his own people, actually because he supported their demand for more political freedom. So flimsy a pretext was an

insult to North Africa's faithful. Morocco's urgent nationalists flatly refused to accept the weak and wizened old man whom Paris foisted on them in Ben Youssef's place. Ben Youssef, never very popular as Sultan, became in exile a martyr.

To Moslems throughout North Africa, Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafat, the French puppet Sultan, is a false prophet and usurper. Last month the Moroccans served notice that *La Date Fatidique* would be a day of prayer and demonstrations for Moulay Arafat's removal and Ben Youssef's return. Terrorist tracts, bearing the black crescent sign of the Arab underground, quickly made plain what this might mean. In the sacred name of Allah, the tracts urged all Moroccans to "avenge



Paris Match

FRANCE'S GRANDVAL
Bullets and a broken heart.

our dead heroes cut down by Imperialist French bullets.

Imperative Duty. The French were dismayed and alarmed. Since last month's riots in Casablanca (TIME, July 25), 60,000 of their troops have been standing guard in Morocco, but more, apparently, were needed. From its limited reserves in Europe, the French army flew a battalion of marines and a company of security police to beef up the Moroccan garrison. It even took space on commercial airliners to fetch hundreds of Senegalese NCOs from their units in Indo-China.

On the eve of *La Date Fatidique*, glittering Casablanca was closed down like a morgue. The wealthy fled to Tangier, the poor boarded up their doors. In the *medinas* from Fez to Marrakech, white-painted Legionnaires set up machine guns and searchlights, covering the street intersections. Nationalist agitators sawed down telephone poles and tore down the street lamps, to ensure darkness for their escape.

The French commander of the Casablanca area, General André Franchi, broadcast an appeal for calm. "I am a man who knows and loves the Moroccan soul," he said, "but I have the imperative duty of maintaining order." Franchi ordered his troops to fire if disobeyed, then added: "I ask God to avoid this at all costs."

Burning Alive. All that night there was sporadic firing in Casablanca's slums. Next morning there was open revolt. A general strike paralyzed Morocco's principal cities; patriots broke out red Moroccan flags atop mosques and minarets. Out of Casablanca's teeming slums poured shrieking women and boys, some not ten years old. They waved pictures of Mohammed ben Youssef and shouted for his return. Hours before, similar gangs had caught an Arab who was suspected of collaborating with the French. They stripped and doused him with gasoline, then burned him alive. The French brought up 30 tanks and a battalion of green-bereted paratroopers. In the *Carrières Centrales*, a warren of packing-case tenements, the Arabs built barricades. Young men shot stones at the waiting troops from slingshots; others ripped open their shirts and dared the Legionnaires to fire. Sometimes the soldiers did fire, at first high in the air, then point-blank to kill. "I brought down three myself," said a French sergeant with a Tommy gun.

The French claimed that only four were killed in Casablanca, but at one Moroccan funeral, newsmen counted 35 coffins.

Berber Rising. There were other uprisings in Rabat, Marrakech and Fez, but the worst fighting broke out where it was least expected: among the Berber tribes. Lean, eagle-eyed horsemen who accept the authority of Islam, though not all of its practices, e.g., they eat wild boar, the Berbers are the descendants of the proud indigenes of Africa's northwest corner. Many Berber tribes held out against the French until as late as 1934, but since then their *Caïds* (chiefs) have accepted French gold.

The French encouraged Berber hostility to the Moroccan Arabs as part of their general policy of divide and rule. Two years ago the Berbers were persuaded to back up El Glaoui, the cunning old Pasha of Marrakech, who acted as France's agent in the removal of Ben Youssef. El Glaoui has teamed up with the right-wing elements among the French *colon*s in North Africa to delay and sabotage Gilbert Grandval's plans for reform and self-government.

An important segment of Berbers had now switched sides. "There is new hope in Morocco," the Berber *Caïds* wired Premier Faure recently. "We respectfully ask you to put an end to the El Glaoui myth . . . There is no question of accepting the Pasha of Marrakech as the chief of the Berbers. They form a part of the whole, the Moroccan people." But when the

French continued to temporize, the *Caïds* told their Berbers to saddle up.

No Prisoners. Pouring down from the hills, thousands of Berber horsemen from the Ouled Aïssim tribe smashed their way into the prosperous little town of Oued Zem, 80 miles southeast of Casablanca. With screaming women at their side, some of them riding bicycles, they swept through the European quarter, setting fire to every house, killing every white man in sight. In the most savage massacre of Europeans in modern Moroccan history,

Old Widow Voyer ran a grocery store in the main street. Knives cut her down. Other knives dismembered her son and daughter and finally the daughter's three children. Another mother was disemboweled when she tried to protect her child. People caught in cars or trucks were dragged out, had their noses and tongues cut off, and then were stuffed back into their cars to be burned alive. Then the mob burned the hospital, pausing to butcher seven patients in their beds.

Oued Zem was along with its horror for more than four hours. When French troops arrived, a Legionnaire lieutenant shouted to his command: "We take no prisoners!"

Hand to Hand. It was the same at Khemira, a fortified town in the Atlas Mountains. Thousands of Berber warriors surrounded the city and besieged those Frenchmen who were not killed in the main onrush in the Mayoralty. When a Legion column arrived, the French and Berbers fought hand to hand in the streets. A French patrol was caught in withering fire from front and rear, and suffered heavy losses. In another street action, 69 Berbers were reported killed. Later, the French dropped paratroopers from battered old German Junkers, escorted by British-made jets.

Death in Algeria. While the French army had its hands full beating back the Moroccans, other fanatical Arabs saw their chance in Algeria. North Africa's richest province and legally a part of France.

With perfect timing, gangs of Algerian *fellahs* (rebel bandits) raided French police stations and stormed the railroad station on the outskirts of Constantine (pop. 119,000). Fourteen Frenchmen standing at a bar were blown to bits by a bomb. The *fellahs* called themselves "The Army of Liberation": they were joined by urban terrorists known as "Death Battalions." The rebels swept through dozens of French villages, burning, looting and killing. Scores of French civilians were knifed or torn to pieces before the troops swung into action.

Pitched battles broke out in half a dozen Algerian towns. It was impossible to count all the casualties, but reliable estimates ranged as high as 560 dead (460 of them rebels) and possibly thousands injured.

All told, *La Date Fatidique* claimed the lives of some 650 Arabs and 200 Frenchmen. French North Africa was in flames, and at week's end there was still no knowing how far the flames would spread, or how they would be put out.

SUDAN Embarrassing Freedom

The Sudan moved closer to the pleasures and perplexities of freedom. In Khartoum the Sudanese Parliament voted unanimously last week to ask the British and Egyptians to withdraw their two remaining battalions of troops from the country within 90 days. Under the 1953 Anglo-Egyptian agreement, this clears the way for the Sudan, by referendum or election of a Constituent Assembly, to settle the one big question about its future: Shall the Sudan (pop. 8,800,000) become an independent nation or join with Egypt?

In his zeal for independence, Prime Minister Ismail el Azhari has been "Sudanizing" the protectorate rapidly by installing Sudanese in administration and



MOROCCO'S BEN YOUSSEF
Liberty and revenge.

defense posts. In the equatorial bushlands of the primitive south, this meant bringing in Moslems from Khartoum to replace Britons in command of the gangling Fuzzy-Wuzay natives, who worship bulls. Last week, just three days after the solemn proclamation in the capital, black troops in the south mutinied against their new officers, killed at least three of them and fled into the jungles.

INDIA Force & Soul Force

Indians who believe in achieving their ends without resorting to violence put a great deal of faith in *satyagraha*, or reliance on soul force. Sometimes this takes the form of marching demonstrators who may provoke attack but won't respond to it. As a method of persuading Portugal to give up Goa, the Rhode Island-sized colony on India's west coast, *satyagraha* was a failure last year. So was diplomacy.

Portuguese Dictator Salazar stubbornly held on to Goa, warned that there would be no transfer to sovereignty "by peaceful means," as Prime Minister Nehru suggested. The challenge was an embarrassment to Nehru, who constantly advises other countries to settle their differences by nonviolent means, and is reported to have boasted to Red China's Chou En-lai: "Watch how we get Goa without using force." This month, as India's Independence Day approached, in the absence of any better policy towards Goa, Nehru permitted his followers to try *satyagraha* again.

Through the Mud. On the Goa border near the town of Banda last week while the sultry monsoon rains fell, some 60 *satyagrahis*, watched by a small group of foreign newsmen, unfurled India's tricolors and squashed through the mud towards Goa, shouting "Goa India ek hai!" (Goa and India are one). In a stone customs post at the border were ten Portuguese and Goan policemen armed with rifles and Sten guns. Half concealed in thick bush behind them were white Portuguese and Negro soldiers from Mozambique. The *satyagrahis* had advanced 30 feet inside the Goa border when the Portuguese fired a burst over their heads. At once the *satyagrahis*, as previously instructed by their leaders, crouched down on the muddy ground. Then one woman *satyagrahi* jumped up and, holding the Indian flag overhead, ran forward. A second burst from the customs house brought her down. Two men *satyagrahis* tried to reach her, but the police shot them down and continued firing into the rest of the crouching *satyagrahis*.

At this point CBS Cameraman Arthur Bonner signalled the Portuguese to cease firing and walked slowly towards the customs house, his arms over his head. Bonner, in tears, brought the wounded woman back to the Indian side of the border and then, with U.P. Correspondent John Hlavacek, went out for the two men who had rushed after the woman. Indian onlookers began shouting "Please withdraw, *satyagrahis*, please withdraw." The *satyagrahis* crawled backward inch by inch until they reached Indian soil.

What happened near Banda was repeated with variations at five other points around Goa's 184-mile border with India. From the Indian town of Castle Rock 185 *satyagrahis* began marching into a railroad tunnel, intending to come out within a few yards of the border, but soldiers awaiting them fired down the tunnel, killing six. At the day's end 22 *satyagrahis* had been killed, and scores wounded.

Communists Move In. When news of the shootings reached India, riots broke out and elites of Salazar were hanged and burned. At this point, soul force was all but forgotten. Communists were in the forefront of the agitating, eager to cock a snoot at NATO partner Portugal. In Bombay police fired on the rioters, wounding 85. The mob retaliated with stone-throwing, injuring 100, surged into the British



United Press

CBS CAMERAMAN BONNER RESCUES INDIAN AT GOA FRONTIER
"Please withdraw, satyagrahis, please withdraw."

High Commission building, smashed windows, manhandled the staff and demanded lowering of the Union Jack. Pakistan's office was also attacked, while 10,000 smashed up the Portuguese consulate and hoisted the Indian flag over it.

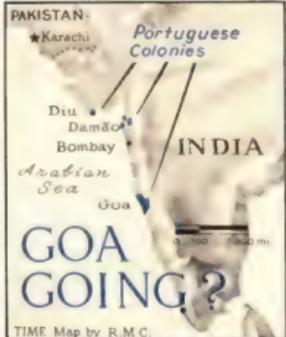
Another mob fought its way into the secretariat building of the Bombay Provincial government, shouted down Bombay Chief Minister Moraji Desai and smashed up automobiles in the secretariat courtyard before police dispersed them with rifles, tear gas and *lathis* (steel-tipped poles). Some 200,000 Bombay factory workers went on strike and all colleges and schools closed. In Bombay streets scores of automobiles had ripped tires, and stones were hurled at passing streetcars and trains. Hundreds of people were forced to remove their neckties "to show respect for the *satyagrahis*." Bombay Education Minister Dinkarao Desai, caught by the mob, was brutally assaulted for refusing to remove his Gandhi cap.

In New Delhi, thousands paraded through rainy streets holding aloft black umbrellas and banners, shouting slogans and forcing offices, shops, restaurants, banks and movie houses to close. A mob of 100,000 paraded from New Delhi's Red Fort to Ramlila ground, where Nehru often addresses open-air meetings. But this time it was Communists who harangued them. In Calcutta and in Patna the picture was similar. With suspicious spontaneity the rioters, in many cases led by Communists, denounced the Nehru government for not backing the *satyagrahis* and demanded that troops be sent to Goa.

Nehru Fights Back. In the New Delhi Parliament, while mobs paraded outside, Nehru declared the Portuguese action in Goa "brutal and uncivilized," but added: "We will not be forced or hustled into what we consider wrong action . . . The Portuguese are deliberately trying to pro-

voke us." At a specially summoned meeting of the parliamentary parties, he denounced the riots, accused opposition parties, especially the Communists, of organizing the riots deliberately to discredit him. Next day in Parliament he apologized to all foreign missions and foreign firms who had suffered, offered full compensation.

For once the India press was sharply critical of Nehru. The influential *Times of India* attacked him for "vacillation, contradiction and appeasement." The *Bombay Free Press Journal* accused the premier of "obliquely encouraging the *satyagrahis* with vague, irresponsible statements that *satyagraha* will solve the problems of Goan freedom." Many influential Indians, itching for a little direct action in Goa, were asking, "What do we spend \$400 million a year on an army for?" But Nehru clung stubbornly to what he called his "basic policy of peaceful approach." He cautiously added: "Of course there may be variations."



RHODESIA

The Opposite Direction

South Africa's Premier Strydom is not ashamed of his country's racial behavior (see box); in fact, he would like to export his policies to the rest of Africa. Last week, the Prime Minister of South Africa's immediate neighbor to the north, Britain's big new Central African Federation (composed of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland), made it clear where he stood.

"Politically, we are pursuing policies which are very different and are leading us in entirely opposite directions," said 72-year-old Lord Malvern, the former Sir Godfrey Huggins, who heads the Federation. Malvern inherited and believes in Empire Builder Cecil Rhodes's dictum: "Equal rights for all civilized men," which implies suffrage and full citizenship for qualified, educated blacks. "We do not think [apartheid] is suitable for us," said Malvern. "The Union of South Africa believes that it is divinely inspired by God to lead its people into a Republican promised land where white supremacy will be permanent . . . This [Federation's] government is inspired by 2,000 years of history and believes we should find a solution to our problems on a British pattern and founded on racial cooperation."

THE PHILIPPINES

The Amateur Politician

In many ways President Ramon Magsaysay's rise in politics resembles Dwight Eisenhower's. A smiling soldier with immense popularity, a simple, homely manner, a record of incorruptibility, and little knowledge of practical politics, he had the presidential nomination thrust upon him in 1953 by the *Nacionalista* Party in its eagerness to throw out the entrenched Liberals.

He was elected President in a landslide by the biggest number of voters in his nation's history. At first he seemed reluctant to assert the authority that is his. Nationalist right-wingers in the Senate, who had climbed back to power on his coattails, openly and often contemptuously opposed him and his administration. Four weeks ago, Magsaysay, at last, came to grips with his arch-opponent in his own party. Senator Claro Recto, 65, a skillful lawyer, neutralist, and determined anti-American, who had done his caustic best to snipe at Magsaysay's policy of friendship for the U.S.

Joining Issue. Magsaysay, forced to make a stand, said flatly that he did not want Recto on the party's ticket in the November election (TIME, Aug. 8). Recto declared open war and began firing hotter and hotter "open letters" at the President's palace. The issue was joined. Last week, as the Nationalist Party held its nominating convention in Manila, the time had come for a test of strength between the two men.

It proved to be Magsaysay all the way. Fortnight ago, seeing how things were

SOUTH AFRICA'S TRAGEDY IN COLORS

"We May Make a Few Mistakes"

SOUTH AFRICA was in the midst of a cruel process called Population Registration. In informal courts a group of nameless bureaucrats pressed a nationwide inquisition that would, when completed, give every one of South Africa's 12.6 million people a racial label: black, white or Colored.

Most whites seemed not to mind: they would simply be asked to carry an identity card which the police would not ask them for anyway. Not many of the blacks cared either, for the bulk of them already are numbered from years of carrying cards, passes and permits, which the police demand to see almost daily. But for many of South Africa's 1,000,000 Coloreds, half-caste descendants of the days when Boer settlers took Bantu and Bushman mistresses and wives, Population Registration spells tragedy. Thousands are being reclassified as "natives" (*i.e.*, blacks).

Such a "change" of legal color has violent disadvantages in Premier Strydom's South Africa. A man's color decides what part of a town he lives in, what sort of job he may hold, how much he earns and where he may spend it, what buses he may travel on and what school (if any) his children may attend. In most parts of South Africa a Colored enjoys many minor but precious advantages over the blacks. He is allowed to ride on many of the same streetcars as the whites; he may be a member of a trade union and bargain with employers; he may hold many semiskilled jobs that are forbidden to the black man. In some cities, Coloreds may buy freely at liquor stores, just like the whites. Coloreds may even move from city to city without a pass; the African native may not.

New Skins for Old. Last week that was changing. An investigating committee from the Nationalist government's Census Bureau and Native Affairs Department was cross-examining hundreds of Coloreds, and wherever they discovered enough "native blood" or "native associations" freely rescinding their privileges. The cross-examining was centered on the 30,000 Coloreds who have moved from Cape Province, their traditional home, to the hustling metropolis of Johannesburg (pop. 800,000). Their migration does not fit in with the Strydom government's *apartheid* segregation plans.

All week the Coloreds stood in line outside the Johannesburg branch of the Native Affairs Department. Most were coffee-colored, though some had fair hair. They were shopkeepers and typists, clerks and building contractors. Collectively, they are known in Johannesburg as a quiet, untroublousome and dignified lot who, prizes their semi-privileged status, have kept out of politics and instinctively sided with the white man against the black.

Skull Session. One of those in the line was Thomas Wentzel, 59, a skilled woodworker whose grandfather was a German harness maker married to a Colored woman. Wentzel's skin is the light tan of a man who has spent his lifetime working in the sun. But though he lives in a Colored suburb and is married to a Colored woman, Thomas Wentzel was reclassified as a native. "What can I do?" he asked hopelessly. The answer: very little.

Another Colored was on his way to work one morning last week when a government official stopped him. The Colored, a 20-year-old electrical machine operator, produced the



Margaret Bourke-White—Lure
PREMIER STRYDOM

"Colored certificate" he got from the government several years ago. But the certificate made no difference: five hours later the young man was hauled up before the committee. "What color are your grandparents?" an examiner wanted to know.

"Colored," he said.

"Can you produce their birth certificates?"

"No," the young man said; his grandparents are long dead and their documents hundreds of miles away.

The committee made the Colored turn his head this way and that, so they might examine his skull. They ran a comb through his hair to test 1) its wooliness and 2) its kinkiness. Eight minutes later, the young man was declared a native. A few days before, the same board had classified his brother as a Colored.

"We may make a few mistakes and classi-

fy a few real Coloreds as natives," explained one of the committeemen last week, "but that's a risk we must take if we are to sort out these people." The scrutiny did not require too fine a search for "reason" for reclassification. Under the loose definitions of the Population Registration Act, almost any are good enough. Coloreds were being reclassified because they had a native half-cousin, or were friendly with natives.

Becoming a Native. Many cases cropped up in which a man was Colored, his wife Colored, their parents and grandparents Colored, his name a "white type" name, e.g., Pieters, Solomon or Pienaar, he spoke English or Afrikaans but no native language, he mixed with no natives—and yet was reclassified as a native.

Most of the 142 Colored employees of Johannesburg's Hospital Laundries live in the neat and tidy residential district of Noordgesig, in homes that are better than those in the sprawling slums of the native locations. Last week 66 of the 142 were reclassified as native. This means each must move out of Noordgesig into a native quarter. His children must leave the better Colored schools; he must get a pass to be on the street after dark; he may no longer take a trip out of town without official permission.

The 66 laundry employees are also about to lose their jobs. "Johannesburg Hospital Laundries employ only Coloreds," shrugged one of its managers. "It is obvious that these new natives can no longer work here."

Former Friends. The reclassification program panicked Johannesburg's Coloreds. It affected Coloreds passing for whites and natives passing for Coloreds. But it also affected those who are what they are, and wondered whether they would get justice. Lawyers did a land-office business. Yet merely to apply for appeal required a fee of \$28, from people whose wages seldom run more than \$40 a month.

One coffee-colored youth came out of the committee room one morning last week after being reclassified as native. He had a look of shocked bewilderment on his face as he walked up to a group of his Colored friends waiting on the sidewalk for their turn before the board. But the coffee-colored youth did not get a chance to speak. "Get away from us, you filthy Kaffir [black]," spat one of his former chums, as the group walked hastily away. They knew that being seen with him might be evidence enough to reclassify them as African "natives" too.

going, sly Cáró Recto began a retreat. He offered not to run for re-election to the Senate if Magsaysay would nominate only "tried and true" Nationalists who were party members at least six months before the 1953 nominating convention. This would disqualify all the eager amateurs in the Magsaysay-for-President movement. It would also disqualify Democrats, who had joined in supporting Magsaysay for President after first trying to run Carlos P. Romulo. Magsaysay scornfully refused to bargain with Recto, or to disinherit his most enthusiastic supporters.

At week's end a tumultuous convention in the government-owned Manila Hotel gave complete power to a Magsaysay-controlled executive committee to select a nine-man senatorial slate from the 55 candidates nominated on the floor. Then the 900 Nationalist delegates listened passively to a passionate speech by old Party Leader José P. Laurel, affirming his loyalty to Magsaysay but nominating his old friend Recto for a place on the party ticket. But Recto had little expectation that the executive committee would have him. He would run for the Senate anyway, possibly as an independent, he announced but he did not sound optimistic. Even Recto could see that the Nationalist Party now belonged to Magsaysay, that simple man who did not seem to know much about politics.

FORMOSA

End of a Career

General Sun Li-jen, 55, has long been known as one of the ablest, bravest, as well as one of the most "Western-minded" leaders in the Chinese Nationalist high command. He learned his trade at Virginia Military Institute (class of '27) and practiced it heroically in smashing Japanese armies in Burma in World War II. Ordered to Formosa in 1946 to train new armies, he organized Chiang Kai-shek's forces for the liberation of the mainland and from 1950 to 1954 held the job of army commander in chief. Last week the Taipei government abruptly announced that General Sun had resigned his post as Chiang's personal chief of staff. Major Kuo Ting-liang, a member of the general's own staff, said the communiqué had confessed to working secretly inside the army as a Communist agent, and another half a dozen junior officers were implicated in "an attempt to create an incident of a subversive character." The general, "as an admission of negligence," had handed in his resignation papers. There would be a court of inquiry.

Double Dissent. The news was a sensation in Formosa. Nobody accused General Sun himself of conspiring with the Communists—only of not knowing about and not quelling subversive activities on his staff. Nevertheless, many who are engaged in Formosa's involved politics wondered how the general had survived as long as he had. Short, taut and outspoken, Sun was burning with the conviction that Formosa could not go on under its present

leadership and its foreseeable prospects. Unique among top commanders in his fluency in English (learned at V.M.I. and Purdue), he had often privately confided to visitors that the defeats on the mainland the troubles in the army command and the confusions on Formosa all traced straight to the Gimo's insistence upon personalizing his regime and identifying the Nationalist and anti-Communist causes with himself.

In 1953 Sun Li-jen's dissent took on a broader basis than his estimate of the Gimo's personal defects. He had always believed that the Nationalists' only chance of regaining the mainland turned on the readiness of the U.S. to lend active military support. When events—as he read them—indicated finally that the U.S. Republican Administration was not apt to do more than a Democratic Administration



GENERAL SUN LI-JEN
Resigned.

to put the Formosa troops back on the mainland, he abandoned hope. He argued that the Nationalists must give up the idea of returning to the mainland and make the best of things on Formosa.

Double Cross? Last year Sun was kicked upstairs to the empty job of personal chief of staff to Chiang, and installed in a pair of tiny, dark rooms. People said that the Gimo was keeping him near enough to watch. He was almost never asked to high command conferences.

Major Kuo, the Communist agent, had served with Sun in Burma and Manchuria, and was trusted by him. He arrived on Formosa as a refugee from the Communist mainland, but was in effect, said the Nationalists, a Communist plant. "I had no idea," said General Sun. "It came as a surprise to me."

Chiang Kai-shek appointed a nine-man commission to judge the general's conduct. Whatever its decision, General Sun's military career had plainly come to an end.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Gunmen

Tommy (sarcely): I'm bloody well tired o' waitin'—we're all tired o' waitin'. Why isn't every man in Ireland out with the I.R.A.?

—*The Shadow of a Gunman*,
by Sean O'Casey

In 34 years of waiting for a peaceful end to the partition of their country, the Irish from time to time turn to thoughts of violence. When they do, they think of the Irish Republican Army, an outgrowth of the Sinn Fein movement, which has a romantic place in the Irish imagination. Last week, after the I.R.A.'s audacious raid on a British army barracks just 40 miles west of London, the thoughts grew bolder. "This will bring recruits by the dozen," predicted one Irish observer.

They would form a third generation of fighters whose appeal to the romantics has often kept the serious from taking them seriously. During the "Troubles"—the insurrections against British rule in 1918–21—I.R.A. gunmen so skillfully harassed the Royal Irish Constabulary and the British "Black and Tans" that Britain finally settled with the Irish Republican leaders for an independent government of the 26 southern counties (Irish Free State), retaining its hold only on the six counties of the north.* The I.R.A. never accepted this partition. Its continued agitation so embarrassed government leaders that President Cosgrave outlawed it in 1931, and President De Valera (himself a one-time I.R.A. leader) in 1936 declared it an illegal organization. The I.R.A. went underground again.

Thirsting for Guns. In 1939, taking advantage of Britain's preoccupation with the coming World War II, the I.R.A. sought to revive the issue of partition by launching hundreds of terrorist bombings in Manchester and London. Britain protested vigorously to Eire, and a year later, following a pitched battle in the streets of Dublin, the Irish Republican government clamped down on the I.R.A., imprisoned several hundred of its leaders and executed two for murder.

Little was heard of the I.R.A. until last year, when a new generation of young Irishmen joined its secret ranks, thirsting for adventure and impatient of their political leaders' repeated assurances that partition can be abolished "by statesmanship, not force." Their first exploit was to raid the barracks of the Royal Irish Fusiliers in Armagh, Northern Ireland, where they seized 300 guns. Shortly afterwards I.R.A. men broke into the projection rooms of two cinemas in Southern Ireland and forced the operators to flash slides on the screens proclaiming: "Join the I.R.A. We have the guns now." Hundreds joined, but the I.R.A. was still short

* Four of the six counties in Northern Ireland (Antrim, Armagh, Londonderry and Down) have Protestant majorities, but in the two west-border counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone, Catholics form about 55% of the population.



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of arms. Last October the I.R.A. raided a British army depot at Omagh, Northern Ireland, but twelve of their number were captured by the British. The raid on the British army barracks at Aborfield, England (TIME, Aug. 22) was the I.R.A.'s third daring attempt to get guns for its gunmen.

Informers' Tip. All England was alerted in the search for the recovery of the stolen arms. A few hours after the raid, three I.R.A. men were picked up, but the truck they were driving contained only a portion of the 80,000 rounds of stolen ammunition. Scotland Yard got its second break when an informer phoned from a tenement district in north London called the "Irish Channel" because of the number of Irish immigrants resident there.

His tip was confirmed by two twelve-year-old boys who had seen strange men carrying heavy cases into a vacant building. Detectives quietly swooped on the building and in a cobweb-hung cellar found 45 ammunition boxes and twelve larger cases containing Bren and Sten guns. Atop one case lay a loaded .38 revolver, its owner evidently having recently fled. In the city of Dublin next day, newspaper editors received an official communiqué from the I.R.A.'s "Adjutant General" Diarmuid Macdairmada reporting "a successful raid by a party of ten volunteers, all [of whom] have now been accounted for."⁹

The I.R.A. had lost its loot, but it had gained worldwide publicity for its cause. It had made a fool of the British Army, which sheepishly admitted that at Aborfield barracks "the only weapon the guards had between them was one pick handle and a four-foot piece of wood, [because] no arms were issued for guard duty." In London, Prime Minister Eden had a 45-minute special session with Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial Staff. The British were more worried than they cared to admit by the resurgence of the I.R.A.

The I.R.A.'s estimated strength is 5,000 men. Its units drill openly, sometimes within sight of Northern Ireland. Its declared intention is to terrorize Northern Ireland until authority crumbles. Last May, to demonstrate that it had support inside Northern Ireland, it contested every North Ireland constituency in the British general election, polled 150,000 votes out of 650,000 cast. Two of its candidates, both prisoners of the Omagh raid and now in British jails, were elected, and the House of Commons (which does not admit felons) was later forced to unseat them. The jailed Sinn Feiner, who contested his seat, was returned with a tripled majority. Irish societies everywhere are once again raising funds for the I.R.A., e.g., the United Irish Counties Association in New York last week

* His communiqués are graciously admired by the British for their scrupulous accuracy. He did not claim credit for a raid on a North Wales army camp two days later by masked men with what sounded like Irish accents. At week's end four young British army officers admitted staging the raid as a hoax.



Associated Press

I.R.A. RECRUITING IN LONDON The sentiment of the Irish?

unanimously voted \$25,000 for the defense of the three men arrested in the Aborfield raid.

Opposition in the North. To curb I.R.A. terrorism, Northern Ireland has a Royal Constabulary of 3,000 regulars and a Special Constabulary of 11,000 volunteers, mostly farmers and shopkeepers. More perhaps than at any time previously, Northern Ireland seems determined to resist union by force. The country's 500,000 Protestants cite the Republic's 1937 Constitution, which gives the Roman Catholic Church "a special position . . . as the guardian of the faith," as evidence that in a united Ireland they would be a religious minority, and subject to pressure, if not persecution. They are supported by the British who feel, on the basis of Eire's determined neutralist record in World War II, that a united Republican Ireland would constitute a seri-



Illingworth—London Daily Mail
"SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE WEATHER"

ous hindrance to British security in any future war.

Last week the British government made strong representation to the Republic's Prime Minister John Costello to crush the I.R.A. before its gunmen trigger real trouble in Northern Ireland. But it was doubtful whether Costello, who presides over a coalition government, is strong enough to do what De Valera had done. In Costello's Cabinet there are men who agree with ex-Foreign Minister Sean MacBride (son of the late famed Patriot Maud Gonne, and himself an old I.R.A. man) who said: "While the I.R.A. voices the national sentiment of the people, no Irish government would place itself in the position of fighting it."

Faltering Boom

Sir Anthony Eden called eleven members of his Tory Cabinet back from vacation for a special session last week. The main speaker was Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard A. Butler, and his topic was trouble.

"Rah" Butler's bad news was that the British boom is faltering. Production is higher than it has ever been, but consumption is higher still, and the island is not paying its way. The evidence, as Butler laid it before the Cabinet:

¶ An adverse trade balance of \$1.5 billion during the first seven months of 1955. Exports are up 4%; imports are up 14%.

¶ Persistent labor troubles (rail, dock and coal strikes), which cost Britain 2,000,000 working days in the first five months of 1955, compared with 600,000 in the same period last year.

¶ Dwindling coal production (down 3,000,000 tons over the same period of 1954) and a \$12.6 million deficit for the National Coal Board in the first quarter of the year.

At the root of Butler's troubles is inflation—the result of overspending by both the people and the government, which is pushing a huge Tory investment program in roads, railroads and atomic power, while maintaining the expensive Socialist benefits of the Welfare State. Many British products are being priced out of the export market: German Volkswagen are pushing British light cars off U.S. and Swedish roads; Indian and Japanese textiles are flooding former British markets, not only throughout Asia, but in Lancashire itself.

Chancellor Butler was still hopeful that the inflation could be checked by his recent restrictions on credit and installment buying (TIME, March 7). But the new Eden government has so far had little success in settling labor disputes, and the National Coal Board has been forced to back down in its attempt to bring in Italians to help Britain mine its own coal. "There is no traditional background for the employment of foreigners," huffed the insular National Union of Mine Workers.

While Butler and Eden discussed present and future dangers, millions of their countrymen lay on the beaches in the rare August sunshine, enjoying the highest standard of living in British history.

PEOPLE



WARBLERS DIETRICH, DOUGLAS & LOLLOBRIGIDA
Grandma sang the baritone.

Associated Press

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Husky Cinemate Kirk (*Ulysses*) **Douglas**, luxuriantly equipped to play his second bearded film role in a row (as tortured Dutch Artist Vincent Van Gogh), was the hairy centerpiece of a trio of singers while rehearsing before a polio benefit on the terrace of Monte Carlo's Summer Sporting Club. His deep voice blended commendably with the husky baritone of Grandma **Marlene Dietrich** and the lilting tremolo of Italian Cinematress **Gina** (*The Wayward Wife*) **Lollobrigida**.

On the eve of her "coming-of-age" birthday, the 25th, Britain's **Princess Margaret** helped out at a church bazaar in Scotland, slipped in the grass and twisted her ankle. But when her birthday dawned, Margaret rose early at Balmoral Castle, got piping greetings from nephew **Charles** and niece **Anne**, then with other members of the royal family drove to Sunday services at nearby Crathie Church. The crowd outside toppled part of the churchyard wall in its crush to see her. The princess looked radiant, especially when the Rev. John Lamb, from the pulpit, wished her "the fulfilment of her desires." The day passed quietly, without public hint of whether fulfilment in this case involved R.A.F. Group Captain **Peter Townsend**, 40, the divorced air hero whom she could now marry, provided Parliament lets her renounce all rights of royal succession.

The Army Medical Corps' pint-sized Major **Sammy Lee**, 35, twice (1948 1952) Olympic high-diving champion, 1953 winner of the Sullivan Trophy as the U.S.'s outstanding amateur athlete, and a Korean war veteran, disclosed that two

Southern California real-estate men recently gave him a rough time when he was shopping for a \$12,000 house. His sin California-born Dr. Lee is of Korean ancestry. Explained one real-estate man to him: "I'm sorry, Doctor, but I have to eat, and I'd lose my job for selling to a nonwhite . . . Go to the \$3,000 class." However, Physician Lee soon had virtual guarantees that he could buy a house at a price he could afford. Beaming about the Samaritans who want to assist him, he said: "My belief in the American people is substantiated."

In a flossy Venice hotel, tireless Party-girl **Elsa Maxwell**, 72, busied herself with last-minute arrangements for an aristocratic cruise, slated to sail from Venice next week to nose about Greece and its islands. On the celebrity-jammed roster of some 120 guests: Scotland's **Duke** and **Duchess of Argyll**, Hostess-with-Mostess' **Perle Mesta**, Prince Aly Khan, Cinematress **Olivia de Havilland**. Conspicuously uninvited: the **Duchess of Windsor**, once one of Elsa's best friends, but now (it's mutual) one of her severest critics. To discourage her seagoing party from completely wasting its substance in riotous living, Elsa was also charting a full course of culture-vulture activities, including pilgrimages to antiquities and monuments ashore. Wrote a Venetian newsman awestruckly: "Miss Maxwell is even scheduling lessons—but real lessons—in history and art!" Reportedly sniffed the Duchess of Windsor: "Maxwell's zoo."

The first member of Adolf Hitler's Cabinet to visit Britain since Rudolf Hess parachuted into Scotland in 1941, pink-cheeked Financial Wizard **Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht**, 78, now a rapidly

rising Düsseldorf banker, moseyed into London. In and out of courts and jails for five postwar years, Dr. Schacht now played the role of a cagey grandpa, beamingly crafty, hustling to see old acquaintances, dropping plugs for his recently published memoirs, *My First Seventy-Six Years*. Interviewed by indifferent or downright hostile London newsmen, Banker Schacht had glib answers for questions. His estimate of West Germany's booming postwar recovery? "When you start from zero, all progress seems imposing." His main recollection of *Der Führer?* Replied he: "Hitler was a betrayer and a madman, but he was a genius, as so many criminals are." Then the visitor registered pained indignation. "The moment I discovered that [madness]," said Hjalmar Schacht, a Nazi minister without portfolio until 1943. "I separated from him and worked against him. That was in 1938—before the war—and I did that because I saw he wanted to go to war."

On his 85th birthday, Elder Statesman **Bernard Baruch** was nearly buried by congratulations, including a two-page frappé of well-wishes whipped up by the New York *Herald Tribune*. Sample message (from Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano): "My humble toast to the greatest strength, Wisdom." Baruch himself was patiently holding off newsmen seeking gems of sagacity. Said he: "To me, old age is always 15 years older than I am." One reporter insistently pressed Baruch for the lowdown on where the world is headed. Grinned the sage of Hobcaw Barony: "I don't know." The reporter expressed amazement. Advised Veteran Pundit Baruch: "I don't see why man should be more garrulous on his 85th birthday than he was on his 84th—or his 21st. I wanted to talk a hell of a lot when I was 21, but I don't at 85. Besides, I've given all my views."



United Press

PUNDIT BARUCH
The sage wasn't singing.

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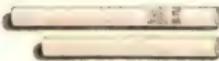
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THE THEATER

Old Skin, New Vim

Most Broadway offerings are based on the obvious notion that a show is not worth producing unless it promises to enrich its backers as a long-run hit. Last week, however, Broadway blossomed as a smash hit that broke rules, and may break records. The American National Theatre and Academy (ANTA) opened its revival of Thornton Wilder's timeless piece of vaudevillian anthropology, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, first produced in 1942 (and greeted by a mixed chorus of cheers and catcalls—plus a Pulitzer Prize). The ANTA production's glittering stars: the U.S. theater's *Grande Dame* Helen Hayes and Producer-Director-Playwright George Abbott as mankind's eternal Mr. and

Such a play. ANTA Producer Robert Whitehead reasoned last April, might prove a special tonic for the peril-surfeted people of France. He hand-picked *Skin* as his own pet project for inclusion in a "Salute to France." This cultural export (financed by thousands of U.S. donors) plunked down before Parisians the Philadelphia Orchestra, New York City Ballet, two U.S.-sponsored art shows, plus first-class stage productions of *Oklahoma!* and *Medea* (TIME, June 6).

Wild Wilder. *Skin* turned out to be, in six full-house performances, the dramatic showpiece of Salute. *Salute* marked the first invasion of the laggardly U.S. onto a critical cultural battlefield of the cold war. *Skin* opened after only two hectic rehearsals in its Paris theater. Some 200



"SKIN OF OUR TEETH" ON BROADWAY
Under the mushroom, a warmer ice age.

Mrs.; Musicomediene Mary Martin as Mr. and Mrs.' maid and humanity's eternal hedonist, raising hell in halcyon eras and doubting heaven in adversity.

Generic George. Though *Skin* could probably play to full houses for the rest of this year, it is scheduled to close in September after only 23 performances. With hardly a line deleted or dinosaur added, Wilder's drama is in a sense better than it was 13 years ago. His tearfully laughable story of mankind, allegorically and often outlandishly larded into the daily life of Mr. and Mrs. George Antrobus of Excelsior, N.J., is just the same. What has changed, in hot war and cold, is the audience. Today's playgoers, themselves survivors of some close shaves, can sympathize more feelingly, even in the shadow of a mushroom cloud, with generic George Antrobus as he survives not only a war but an ice age, the Flood, and his own folly as well.

sittle-talkies caught a running translation for its French-speaking viewers. In general, Paris critics raved, though a few found it "furiously intellectual" or "slightly incoherent."

In Chicago, and Washington, D.C., where it toured, and back home in Manhattan, audiences have hailed *Skin* ever since. Cried the *New York Times'* pernickety Brooks Atkinson, dean of Broadway's critics, "Perfect." Rejoiced the *Herald Tribune's* Walter Kerr: "Perhaps even the theater will survive." Thornton Wilder's wild and wise romp is now fast making up the \$73,000 deficit incurred by *Salute*. Best news yet: *Salute* should be completely out of the red after the U.S. at large gets its chance to see *The Skin of Our Teeth* as an NBC-TV Spectacular, Sept. 11, 7:30 p.m. E.D.T.

* From left: Helen Hayes, Heller Halliday, George Abbott, and Heller's mother, Mary Martin.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Invasion

England has not been successfully invaded since William the Conqueror rode over the luckless Saxons nine centuries ago, but the island's invulnerability is about to end. Next month commercial television will invade the staunch Britain, surging onto the air waves that have long been the placid domain of the uncommercial, unexciting BBC.

Through several years of debate in the newspapers and the House of Commons, citizens—mainly a mixture of Laborites, churchmen and the more conservative Britons—have been fearfully prophesying the onslaught, forecasting an instant drop of cultural standards to the twelve-year-old level that they insist television has induced in the U.S. But other millions wait like a huge fifth column, eager for the day when they can switch their allegiance and their TV dials to multichannel reception and to something more stimulating than the toneless, grey gruel fed them by the BBC.

Admen's Heartburn. This week, amid the scaffolding of half-finished office buildings, in ancient music halls hastily made into studios and in smart Mayfair suites, feverish platoons of producers, directors, scriptwriters, camera crews, actors and admen are marshaling their forces for TV-day—Sept. 22. Commercial television, British-style, will not start out as a replica of the American brand. By government ruling, only six minutes of sales talk will be allowed each hour, and the plugs must be concentrated at the beginning and end of the hour, or during "natural breaks" in the program. No sponsor may pick his own show: his sales message must be rotated in different spots according to the convenience of the program companies who rent TV facilities from the government's watchdog Independent Television Authority. This has caused some heartburn among admen. Groaned one: "Suppose a cigarette commercial gets placed next to a discussion of lung cancer!"

There are other limitations. Commercial TV will broadcast 52½ hours a week (compared to some 130 hours in the U.S.). The screen must be left blank on Sunday mornings so as not to compete with churchgoing; no Sunday afternoon shows may be aimed at children, because they might entice them away from Sunday school. At 6 every evening will occur the "toddler's truce," an hour of TV silence, so that parents can wring out their moppets and put them to bed. The program companies have made an unwritten agreement to limit U.S. imports to 25% of the week's programming. But arrangements have already been made to acquaint Britons with *I Love Lucy* (scheduled to compete with BBC's prize variety hour, *The Ted Ray Show*), *Dragnet*, *Hopalong Cassidy*, *Ed Murrow's Person to Person*, and *Billy Graham*. Last fortnight the contracts were signed for the import of *Liberace*, complete with candelabra and toothy

smile. But many of the home-grown products will bear a resemblance to U.S. shows. Example: *Sunday Night at the Palladium*, featuring such stars as Gracie Fields and Johnnie Ray, will be a vaudeville hour on the lines of Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town*. Basically, the commercial TVmen think the BBC incapable of offering them real competition.

Yelling Soapboxes. The only discernible nervousness lies in just how the British public will react to TV sales messages. Said one gingerly adman: "The problem is how to sell your product without infuriating the viewer. An Englishman doesn't

of the natural credulity or sense of loyalty of children."

Scurrying Laggards. Commercial TV's biggest advance headache comes from the fact that British TV sets have been made to receive only one channel, the BBC. So far, scarcely a sixth of London's 1,300,000 set owners have paid out the money (average price: \$30) necessary to make the conversion. But commercial TVmen hope that word of mouth about the new shows will send the laggards scurrying to their TV repairmen, and I.T.A.'s Director-General Sir Robert Fraser also forecasts a tremendous rise in TV sets from the current 4,500,000 to 12 million. Although in the beginning there will be only three commercial TV stations—London, Man-



Brian Seed

BRITISH SHOWMEN PREPARING TV COMMERCIAL
Bad news for bust developers.

want anyone telling him what to eat for breakfast. We have to approach him unawares." Another explains how this will be done: "Suppose you're advertising a detergent called Faz. The British way will be to have a sincere housewife, homely, ordinary, just like any British housewife. She begins by telling what a hard day she's had . . . When the viewer has begun to melt, she says, 'The only thing that saved my life is Faz. It's a wonderful way to wash things.' In an American commercial, you would have hit much sooner. You'd open with a chorus line of little soapboxes yelling 'Faz! Faz! Faz!' and go on from there. We would never stand for that."

Not only will British admen have to creep up on their victims, but there is a long list of advertising unmentionables. No TV ads may be accepted from "monoclelers, matrimonial agencies, fortunetellers, undertakers, bookmakers [who are legal in Britain], manufacturers of specifics for slimming, bust development, contraceptives, smoking cures or products for the treatment of alcoholics." On children's shows "no method of advertisement may be employed which takes advantage

chester and Birmingham—Sir Robert contemplates an eventual 40. "TV is the greatest of all civilizing forces," says he. "So long as it is not actually wicked, it is a great force—even if it is fairly bad."

Six Times & Out

In Hollywood, the Screen Actors Guild voted to end a twelve-day strike against the producers of filmed TV shows, accepted a new contract, including 1) raises in minimum pay from \$50 a day to \$80, 2) a graduated percentage of actors' minimum wages for the second through the sixth reruns of the original film. The Guild renounced rights to payments for more than six reruns on the sound assumption that not even long-suffering U.S. viewers will sit still and watch a seventh rerun of any filmed TV show.

Back-Fence Chat

"It's kind of like leaning over the back fence chatting," explains Earl Selby, a top reporter and columnist on the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. "The problems may not be earthshakers, but they hit the neighbor where he lives." Selby's chats take place Mon-

POWER UP WITH POWER-X



Power-Primed with Rocket Fuel!

This great new premium gasoline gives you

New High in Octane
New Super Power
New Rocket Getaway
New High in Mileage
Rust-proof...Stall-proof
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Ask your Sinclair Dealer
for the new Super Fuel...

SINCLAIR POWER-X

Sinclair Refining Company, 600 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

days through Fridays at 6:25 p.m. on *Mr. Fixit*, a local show telecast by Station WCAU-TV. Sometimes blond, crew-cut Earl Selby, 37, uses his five minutes to point up some civic horror, as when he appeared unshaven and in tattered clothes to talk about Skid Row and what it costs the city—\$650,000 in relief and a high incidence of tuberculosis. Another time, discussing trees, he wore a lumberjack's hat and carried an ax. More often, he simply helps people get what they want. Some of Selby's fixes:

Q Found a shoe shop for a young teacher who displayed her 5AAA foot and complained that she could not find any places that sold her size in fashionable styles.
Q Found an Andy Russell recording of "their song" for a married couple who had been searching everywhere.

Q Got expert advice for a man plagued by bats in his window shutters (a bat expert advised that he use a broom and let more light in between the shutter leaves).

Q Searched out a prom dress for a girl who could not afford one. Selby found a thrift shop that sold formal gowns for as little as \$3—in the next few days he got 600 letters asking for a list of the city's thrift shops.

Selby has wangled gloves for a kids' baseball team, taught a Scottish bride-to-be how to season steak before broiling (rub on hot mustard, top with hickory salt), found aquariums for some boys who had brought a batch of snakes back from camp. He has had some failures, too. He had no solution for the woman who wrote: "Sheriff coming to foreclose tomorrow. Please send \$4,000 in cash," and he was unable to finance a trip to the Canadian wilds for a would-be Davy Crockett who wanted to kill himself a b'ar.

Mr. Fixit has a sponsor (Philadelphia Gas Works Co.) and an audience estimated to include 43% of the adults viewing at that hour. It started last March after an adman named Franklin Roberts saw Reporter Selby on a straight newscast. Roberts told Selby he was a poor commentator because he was not reporting what he knows best: Philadelphia, its people and its problems. He suggested a show growing out of the "In Our Town" column that Selby writes six days a week for the *Bulletin*, and they finally settled on the column's "Mr. Fixit" service idea.

Selby's TV and newspaper work keep him going 15 hours a day. Once he gets to his typewriter, he can finish a column in around 15 minutes. The rest of the time he is busy on the phone, answering his mail, badgering his contacts and just plain digging for stories—as when he broke, in effect, the state's case against Virginia Carroll in the shooting of Politician William F. Meade (TIME, April 7, 1952). He is usually home in suburban Bryn Mawr by about 7 p.m. for his ceremonial "B and B" (Brahms and bourbon). The Brahms comes from an elaborate hi-fi set and, during the music, Selby spends an hour or so reading his mail. Selby's three children have made occasional appearances on his television



PHILADELPHIA REPORTER SELBY
Good news for boys with snakes.

show, usually as a background audience, munching hot dogs and potato chips, washed down with milk. They are not particularly impressed—possibly because there is no TV set in the Selby home.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Aug. 24. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Kodak Request Performance (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). Charles Bickford in *The Woman at Fog Point*.

Front Row Center (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Sally Forrest in *Guest in the House*. **Climax!** (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *Deal a Blow*; with Macdonald Carey, Phyllis Thaxter.

Windows (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). *The Calliope Tree*; with Henry Hull, Van Dyke Parks.

Davis Cup (Sat. 2:30; Sun. 2 p.m., NBC). U.S. v. Australia.

Spectacular (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). *One Touch of Venus*; with Janet Blair, Russell Neves.

It's Magic (Sun. 7 p.m., CBS). With Paul Tripp and Blackstone the Great.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *A Chance at Love*; with Georgianne Johnson, Richard Kiley.

RADIO

Monitor (Sat. through Sun., NBC). Music, news, remote pickups—a little of everything.

Gunsmoke (Sat. 12:30 p.m., CBS). Adventures of U.S. Marshal Matt Dillon.

New Orleans Jazz Band Ball (Sat. 7:05 p.m., CBS). With George Gerard and his New Orleans Five.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Israel Philharmonic Orchestra.

Summer in St. Louis (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). Baritone Richard Eastham.

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THAT GUARANTEES ME
A RETIREMENT INCOME and
meanwhile gives insurance protection to my family.

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Address _____

City _____ County or _____ Zone _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Date of Birth _____

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Broadway at 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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... if you want to take it easy later

You could outlive your savings
but you can't outlive the regular
monthly income from a
MONY Retirement Policy, because
with this policy your monthly checks
will come in as long as you live.

If you should die before retirement
age, your family would collect the full
amount of your policy.

So, a MONY Retirement Policy
does *double duty*—it provides you
money to retire on and provides
protection for your family from the
very day you have your policy!

Take the first step toward your
retirement—mail the coupon now!



MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Life Insurance—Accident and Sickness—Hospitalization—
Retirement Plans... for individuals and employee groups

MONY today means MONEY tomorrow!

SCIENCE

Tacan Unveiled

The Air Navigation Development Board last week took the technical wraps off the controversial Tacan (Tactical Air Navigation), electronic distance-direction guide for aircraft. Backed by the Navy and Air Force as a replacement for the Omni-DME (Omnirange and Distance Measuring Equipment) system adopted by the Civil Aeronautics Administration in 1948, Tacan stirred up a storm in the flying industry (TIME, May 30), but it will probably become the system for all U.S. aircraft.

In essence, Tacan and Omni-DME are much alike, but though Tacan and DME use the same ultra-high-frequency radio band (960-1215), they cannot be read on the same instruments. Both are short-range (200 miles) systems; both show true distance from the ground station

relies on two concentric cylindrical rings, one mounted with a single rod-shaped element, the other fitted with nine rods. Whirling around the antenna core, these rods, set at different modulations, "tag" (modulate) the signals as they go out. Every time the inner rod passes "zero" (north), a regulating signal is transmitted. In a sense, this signal is Tacan's compass needle. The airplane's Tacan separates all the signals, computes their differences, and, all without a sound, converts the result into a degree reading on a dial for the pilot to steer by.

Happy Ending

Twelve hundred atomic scientists tucked away their well-filled notebooks, exchanged goodbyes and headed home from Geneva's Palace of Nations. After 13 veil-lifting days of give and take, the first

Even young birds, particularly swallows, showed radioactive concentrations 500,000 times greater than normal after feeding on diatom-eating insects. Some animals, e.g., jack rabbits, were also affected after eating grass that had been irradiated, probably by particles escaping from Hanford's chimneys. None of the present radiation is dangerous, thanks to AEC precautions, but if the radioactive material in the Columbia were allowed to reach the maximum level considered safe for ordinary drinking water, fish from the river would soon be unfit for food.

To radiation "consumers" (geneticists and physicians), the possible hazards of the atomic age were of grave concern. Even the most cheerful geneticists admitted that no certain "safe threshold" of radioactivity has yet been determined. Any increase in world radioactivity may upset the delicate balance in the number of damaging mutations that the human race can stand and cripple future generations. Said the AEC's John C. Bueher: "We are running a risk, but all life is a risk."

On its positive side, Geneva helped the scientists with new ideas. Said one U.S. official: "You can't rub that many good brains together without getting sparks." Among the many sparks:

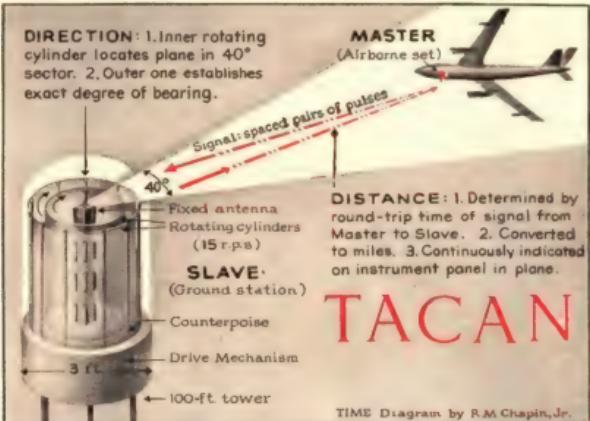
NEW REACTORS. British, Dutch and U.S. scientists spelled out almost to "do-it-yourself" simplicity the operations of their most advanced reactor designs. Chief among them: AEC's Brookhaven liquid-metal fuel reactor, powered by circulating molten solution of uranium in bismuth, in a "blanket" of thorium-bismuth compound (Th_2Bi_3). The thorium breeds $\text{U}-233$, which is recycled as fuel, making fuel costs "negligible."

EXTRACTING FUEL. New techniques for extracting thorium and uranium from ordinary granite were revealed by U.S. scientists. One ton of granite would yield uranium and thorium with the energy equivalent of ten to 15 tons of coal.

NEW PLANT STRAINS. Sweden's Åke Gustafsson reported that seeds exposed to atomic radiation, notably barley, new wheat, peas, flax, tomatoes, had produced new, hardier strains by mutation. In the future, said Gustafsson, new breeds of plants can be developed to produce healthy crops almost anywhere in the world.

As the wealth of information poured out, visiting U.S. Senator Clinton P. Anderson, chairman of Congress Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, observed: "Many things are not quite as secret as we thought." One prime example: for ten years, the U.S., Britain and Russia had independently (and secretly) measured the rate of neutron absorption by reactor fuels ($\text{U}-235$, $\text{U}-233$, plutonium); plotted on a graph at Geneva, each country's data produced precisely the same answer.

The U.S., which gave out the most information, learned much at Geneva, especially about the Russians, who showed up as strong on theory, weaker on practical application. Calling for "regular" meetings in the future, the Russians announced they would supply their allies with the tools of peacetime atomics, including a

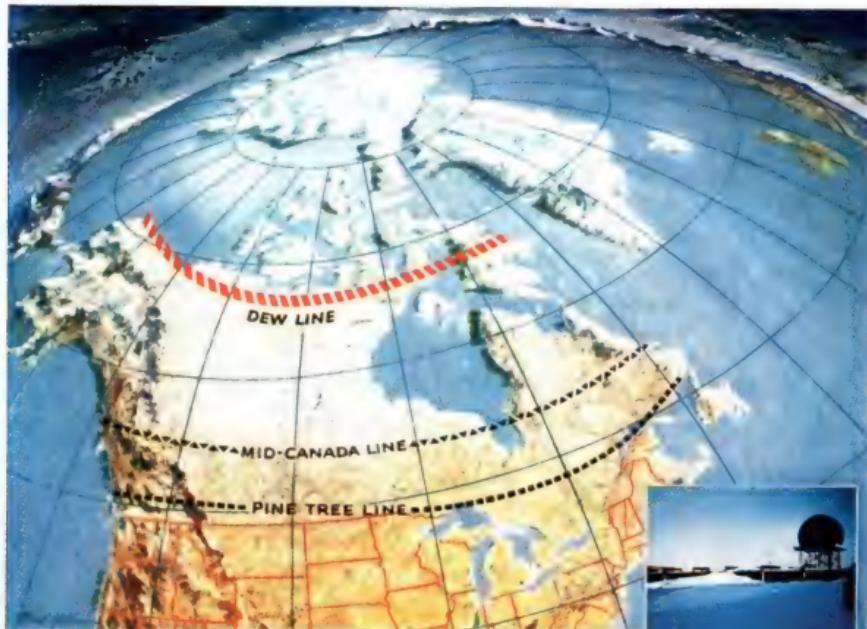


within 500-600 ft. Nevertheless, the new details bring out differences. Tacan can provide compass direction with less than one degree error; Omni-DME is accurate within three degrees. Tacan, not bothered by superstructure interference or a ship's roll, is better fitted for Navy carriers.

With its "search and track" Tacan equipment, an airplane sends out "query" signals to a Tacan ground beacon. The ground beacon, identifying itself in International code (which the pilot can hear), sends out signals in "reply" to the aircraft. To determine distance, the plane's Tacan continuously measures the time interval between its own "interrogation" signal and the reply, computes the time delay into miles, and indicates the figure on a dial on the instrument board. The same radio pulses are simultaneously performing a more complicated process. To determine direction, the ground beacon's pulses pass through a revolving (15 revolutions per second) antenna system that

International Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy (TIME, Aug. 22) was over. The talk had shed new light on every facet of peacetime atomics, from prospecting for ore to H-power. The last major debate: the biological hazards involved in nonmilitary use of the atom.

The "producers" of radioactivity (reactor men and weapons makers) maintained that, with proper precautions, there was little to worry about. But from the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission's huge Hanford plutonium plant near the Columbia River in Washington, came a plain-spoken report of how even the tightest precautions have some leaks. Radioactive wastes from Hanford, e.g., phosphorous, got into the river in water that had been used to cool the Hanford reactors. The waste was first absorbed by diatoms, tiny simple-celled plants, then by the larvae of insects. Fish that ate the larvae registered a radiophosphorous concentration 100,000 times the normal amount.



Artist's sketch of early warning line plan.

DEW Line radar station in the Arctic.

NEW RADAR SKY-WATCH TO GUARD ARCTIC FRONTIER

If enemy planes ever attack from over the North Polar regions, every minute of advance warning of their coming will be precious—for minutes may mean the difference between a successful defense or a crippled America.

So today, across the northern rim of the continent a line of unique radar stations is being built in the icy Arctic wastelands. This is the Distant Early Warning Line, DEW Line, for short.

DEW Line radars will scan the skies constantly...spot any invaders and instantly flash a warning to defense command centers in the United States and Canada. This enormous Arctic sentry will give us earlier warning...will work with the Mid-Canada and Pine Tree radar lines that the U.S. and Canadian governments are providing further south. All three will function in one vast protective net.

Basically, an early warning radar line is a communications system. So Western Electric, which produces and installs equipment for the Bell Telephone System, was called upon in 1952 by the U.S. Department of Defense to build on the northern

shores of Alaska an experimental early warning line based upon development work done at Lincoln Laboratories, at M.I.T.

We started at once to organize a team for the task. We selected communications specialists from our own ranks; from 17 Bell Telephone Companies, Bell Telephone Laboratories, A. T. & T.'s Long Lines Department and our Canadian affiliate, Northern Electric Company.

Joining forces in much the same way we do to provide Bell telephone service, we pooled our experience and went to work...research scientists, procurement and transportation specialists, construction engineers, microwave technicians, transmission experts, skilled operators of electronic equipment...all with a single mission: to build a first line of defense for America.

Hundreds of other firms were called in to help. Special buildings and construction techniques were invented to meet the severe Arctic weather. Electronic equipment was specially made or converted to cope with magnetic storms. There were major transportation problems to be solved, for tractors, buildings, machinery, mil-

lions of gallons of fuel...thousands of tons of material...all had to be delivered to faraway barren sites. Yet, the job was done on time.

The test installations proved successful—and the U.S. and Canadian governments promptly decided to extend the DFW Line across the Arctic. Western Electric again was called upon...was asked by the U.S. Air Force to undertake, as prime contractor, the job of building the thousands of miles of radar line with responsibility for all phases of it: development, design, engineering, procurement, transportation, construction, installation, testing and training of operating personnel.

Again we have assembled Bell System men and experience to get the job done. We're at it now. Already thousands of tons of heavy equipment have been delivered by air, tractor-train and ship to Arctic sites—much of it by the Air Force and the Navy. Construction is going ahead rapidly before the Arctic winter sets in. Working together, we are pressing forward on the project at full speed.

Western Electric



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NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION
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6,500 kw. reactor for Red China. The conference chairman, India's Homi Bhabha, was happiest about the lack of politics interfering with science. "There should be another conference," he said. "But let's wait three years. This will give time for some more really interesting information to accumulate."

Fall-Out Filter

In an H-bomb attack, U.S. cities as far as 190 miles away from the actual explosion could expect a deadly fall-out of wind-borne radioactive particles (TIME, Feb. 28). Last week in Madison, Wis., the U.S. Forest Products Laboratory described a new building material called "diffusion board," that can protect against direct contact with radioactive dust.

Developed for the Army Chemical Corps, diffusion board resembles ordinary wood-pulp fiberboard, $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick. Impregnated with special chemicals (the kinds are still classified), it acts much like an ordinary Army gas mask, filters out gases and germ-carrying particles as well as radioactive dust, lets oxygen and carbon dioxide breathe through. Against direct radiation itself, the porous diffusion board gives no protection. Thick lead or concrete shields must be used to keep out death-dealing gamma rays. Moreover, lining the walls of an average home with the board would not eliminate dust, which could sift in over windowsills and doorjambs. But used in windowless shelters in fall-out zones, the diffusion board can shield civilians and military personnel from inhaling or touching radioactive dust, keep vital defense centers going that otherwise would have to be evacuated.

Spectrum

Flying Mattress. Britain's M. L. Aviation Co. showed off the first model of a new inflatable-wing, two-passenger aircraft which may be the sky-auto of the future. Named the "Flying Mattress," the new plane features a 40-ft. span delta wing, made of light fabric and easily inflated by compressed air machines or by a regular tire pump. When deflated, the wing is small enough to fit in a car's trunk compartment. Inflated, the wing sits on posts above a 10-ft. wooden fuselage, is held in place by struts. A pusher-propeller, powered by a 65-h.p. engine, gives the plane a top speed of 45 m.p.h. Flying Mattress is easy to fly. With no wind, it requires only a 100-yd. landing strip; in strong winds, it lands almost vertically. Already flight-tested by the Ministry of Supply, the Flying Mattress is slated for army use as a courier and reconnaissance plane. As an aerial sports car for civilians, it will sell for \$2,500.

The Thing. The U.S. Marine Corps ordered production of Ontos [Greek for The Thing], a fast (40 m.p.h.), tracked antitank vehicle. Bristling with six recoilless 106-mm. rifles, the 8.5-ton Ontos relies on hit-and-run tactics rather than heavy armor for survival, uses .50-cal. machine guns to sight in on a target with tracer bullets, then fires off its heavy battery and runs for cover to reload.



Look - She's wearing paper!

Young lady, we admire your style . . . and we like that smart merchandise bag you're taking your purchase home in—
for it's really part of your costume, too!

We know you'll patronize a store that appreciates the importance of smart packaging. How do we know this? Because it is our privilege, in serving the RETAIL INDUSTRY, to make millions of merchandise bags a year—styled, printed and colored to the queen's taste for thousands of retail concerns.



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Extreme strength is one reason experts choose Samsonite. Here are eight other reasons — Samsonite extras at no extra cost! • Bonderized to resist rust • "Automobile" finish • Easy, one-finger opening • Safety-Guard Hinges • Compact storing • Posture-Curved Comfort • Won't tilt or wobble • Low in cost.

SAMSONITE SPRING-
CUSHION FOLDING
CHAIR. Genuinely coiled
springs for lasting comfort. Electrically welded
• Safety-Guard Hinges • Compact stor-
ing • Posture-Curved Comfort • Won't
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WRITE FOR A SAMPLE
CHAIR on your letter-
head. Try it, test it. No
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new booklet: "How
to Save Money on
Public Seating".

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The Professor

At Brown University in Providence, R.I., one day last week, a tall, studious-looking man of 40 was escorted into Manning Hall for the purpose of being formally "introduced" to a special meeting of the faculty. Actually, no introduction was necessary; everyone in the room knew Barney C. Keeney as the able onetime dean of the Graduate School, and since 1953 the dean of the College. This time, however, Keeney had a new title. "With enthusiastic unanimity," the university's corporation had just elected him to be the successor to retiring President Henry Wriston (TIME, April 11).

It was, as blunt Henry Wriston said, "an admirable appointment." A tough-minded scholar with often unattainably

is the price of Government service, it is too high a price to pay"), and against scholarly stuffiness ("It must clearly be understood that the scholar does not lose dignity by being intelligible"). He is also a relentless crusader against the growing theory on many U.S. campuses that a democratic education must be equated with the accommodation of mediocrity. "It seems to me," he once said, "that the colleges in this country must once again begin to teach college work and to require college performance . . . The scramble to get into college is going to be so terrible in the next few years that students are going to put up with almost anything, even an education."

Last week he told his faculty that he had no "dramatic" plans in mind for Brown (3,600 students, 450 on the fac-



Walter T. Parks Jr. — Providence Journal-Bulletin

BROWN'S PRESIDENT KEENEY
'A scholar does not lose dignity by being intelligible.'

high standards. Barney Keeney has long seemed marked for success. At the University of North Carolina he was a star trackman and the top student in his class. After taking his Ph.D. at Harvard, he joined the faculty, was one of the most promising young men in the history department. Then, the day after Pearl Harbor, he enlisted in the Army, and because of his fluency in French and German, was eventually assigned to combat intelligence. To those who had known him before, it came as no surprise that he won the Silver Star for (among other things) advancing under heavy fire with three enlisted men to capture a forward enemy observation post along with nine enemy soldiers.

Though an erudite specialist on the 13th century, Keeney proved early that he was a talented administrator. But more important, he also turned out to be much the same sort of plain-speaker as Henry Wriston. He railed against students who shun controversy for fear of losing some future Government clearance ("If silence

ulty). But he has made himself one promise that, if kept, will make him a rare sort of president indeed. "In 1949," says Keeney, "Provost Paul Buck of Harvard wrote me that I would do all right as an administrator as long as I continue to think as a professor. That's the spirit in which I intend to carry on."

Up from the Stacks

Thomas Hollis, the London merchant-philanthropist, had nothing but good will for the struggling little colonial college in Cambridge, Mass., but he decided something would have to be done about Harvard College's library. The collection, he found in 1725, was "ill managed . . . You let your books be taken at pleasure home to Mens houses, and many are lost, your (boyish) Students take them to their chambers, and tear out pictures & maps to adorn their Walls." It was really a wonder that the library had managed to survive at all. "Such things," warned Mr. Hollis, "are not good."

In spite of these early bunglings, the

General Electric research and engineering are changing the way you will live

New ideas for electrical living are being perfected in 38 laboratories

Your home today and in the future can have comforts and conveniences you wouldn't have thought possible a few years ago. Here are just a few examples:

Now you can have a refrigerator, in white or in color, that is mounted on the wall like a kitchen cabinet. (See left.) The Weathertron, G.E.'s all-electric heat pump, can warm your home in winter, then reverse itself, and cool the house in summer.

There can be luminous ceilings in your living room, and lighting in all living areas that you can change to suit your mood.

It will not be too long before TV cameras will check the front door or a child's bedroom and "report" back to you on a living-room monitor. And in the future you may have a large-screen television set so flat it will hang on the wall like a picture.

Many more ideas like these—not only for homes, but for farms, industries and defense as well—are on the way from General Electric scientists and engineers. Our postwar investment in new research and development facilities, when completed, will reach 155 million dollars. And we will continue to invest in the future, because, as we see it, progress in "electrical living" has only just begun.



Electronic oven that roasts meats in minutes is being developed in our appliance and electronics laboratories. Executive Vice President Roy W. Johnson points out features of experimental model to a housewife. For the booklet, "Wonder Home of 1964," write General Electric, Dept. A2-119, Schenectady, N. Y.

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library did manage to survive. But it did not achieve its present position as the foremost university library in the U.S. without its share of crises. No man knows this better than 66-year-old Keyes (rhymes with skies) DeWitt Metcalf, who for 18 years has been Harvard's chief librarian. Last week, as he got set to retire, Metcalf could report with as much authority as any man alive just what it means to run a great empire of books.

No Room. From Harvard history, he found ample precedent for trouble. On a stormy night in 1764, all but 404 volumes of the 125-year-old library were destroyed by fire. In 1831, Librarian Benjamin Peirce complained that the library was so crowded that "many of the books . . . have been excluded from their proper places by the want of room." For years, the lament was the same, and even after Mrs. George D. Widener gave Harvard a vast new building in memory of her son, who went down on the *Titanic*, the space problem loomed again.

Kyes Metcalf took over in 1937 and soon realized that the Widener building would overflow within three years. What the university needed, he decided, was 1) a special library for undergraduates, 2) a new building for rare books and manuscripts, and 3) some sort of co-operative plan with other campuses for the storage of little-used books and the acquisition of new ones. As he steps out, Metcalf can reflect proudly that every one of these goals has been achieved.

In 1942, the Houghton Library for rare books was opened, complete with temperature and humidity control. In 1945, in response to a hint that Metcalf had dropped at a dinner some years before, Manhattan Financier Thomas W. Lamont (1892) gave Harvard \$1,500,000 for a new open-stack undergraduate library. Meanwhile, Metcalf helped to set up the New England Deposit Library, in which colleges and universities in the Greater Boston area store their little-used books, and the Farmington Plan by which colleges and universities buy foreign publications in common, thus covering the foreign field thoroughly while avoiding wasteful duplicates.

No Catching Up. Today, Metcalf's musty, dusty empire includes 86 different collections scattered throughout Harvard's various schools: in all, nearly 6,000,000 volumes worth at least \$60 million. It has a regular staff of 350, spends \$2,400,000 a year. Some 15,000 students and scholars a day pass through some library door. Metcalf's life has been to see that they get the books they want as quickly as possible. Among the headaches this involves:

¶ To select the 135,000 volumes they add each year, the library staff must pore over thousands of reports and reviews. "The book trade figures about 12,000 new books are coming out in this country each year," says Metcalf. "There are also 50,000 periodicals and reports, 15,000 publications from the U.S. Government Printing Office, 20,000 to 30,000 each year from the U.N.—many of them only small



Kensis Ottawa

HARVARD'S LIBRARIAN METCALF

A free book costs \$5.75.

pamphlets, but somebody has to keep track of them."

¶ Because of the intricacies of cataloguing, filing, labeling and binding even a free book costs Harvard about \$5.75. New additions, new editions, new language uses mean constant housekeeping, and "there are people," says Metcalf, "who will spend a whole day cataloguing one book, if we don't stop them." Keeping the stacks in order is a career in itself: should someone replace a book on the wrong shelf, it may be lost for years.

¶ At its present rate of growth, the Harvard library will have 11,500,000 volumes by the year 2000. But even then it will not be big enough. "We estimate," says Metcalf, "that there are now 30 million books and pamphlets of value for research. We don't have even a quarter of what is theoretically desirable."

Report Card

¶ The Georgia board of education decided to backtrack on its widely criticized resolution to "revoke forever" the license of any teacher who approves of mixed classes or is a member of the N.A.A.C.P. Instead, it demanded that all teachers take the annual teachers' oath to uphold the state constitution (including its segregation provisions) and "to refrain from directly or indirectly subscribing to or teaching any theory of government or of social relations which is inconsistent with the fundamental principles of patriotism and high ideals of Americanism." If the board enforces its own ideals of Americanism, the new resolution will have much the same effect as the old.

¶ The Norfolk (Va.) city council approved a new plan for getting around the U.S. Supreme Court's order to end school segregation. Henceforth, Norfolk will have three types of schools—all-white, all-Negro, and mixed. Parents can take their choice.

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THE PRESS

After the Colonel

When Chicago Tribune Publisher Robert R. McCormick died last spring, news-men all over the U.S. wondered what changes would come in the paper without the Colonel's commanding, eccentric personality to steer it. Would the *Trib*, for example, drop some of his pet projects and peeves? Last week, amidst a number of almost imperceptible changes, the *Trib* stepped right out and put the ax to one of the Colonel's fondest innovations.

For the first time since the day in 1934 when McCormick ordered radical new simplified spelling, the *Trib* was going back to some old spelling rules. Instead of such words as *frate*, *grafe*, *tarif*, *soder* and *sophisticated*, the *Trib* will now use *freight*, *graphic*, *tariff*, *solder* and *sophisticated*, just like everybody else. Still unchanged are the Colonel's spellings of such words as *thoro*, *burocratic* and *altno*.

While he was alive, the Colonel stuck to his simplified spelling with a vengeance. When his own orthographer and key men on the *Tribune* staff objected to *frater*, McCormick splashed on their memo one red-inck sentence: "We will keep *frater* because the *Tribune* likes it." But now that the Colonel is no longer the *Tribune*, it is developing new likes and dislikes. "It's largely due to public relations," explains one old staffer. "We are eliminating a feeling of irritation." There is, adds another *Trib* staffer, "a sort of indescribable feeling of mildness about the place now."

Although the *Trib* still hews to its maverick politics, blasting both the Democrats and the Republicans and taking off after many of its old whipping boys, its running battle with the 20th century in general has started to subside. There is also more humor and less soapboxing on the editorial page. Says Managing Editor Don Maxwell, editorial boss of the triumvirate that now runs the paper (*TIME*, April 18), "I always hate to do anything that changes a policy of the Colonel's, but I have to make up my own mind now."

What made up Maxwell's mind on simplified spelling was that Chicago schoolteachers complained that they were having trouble teaching students to spell words right when the *Trib* persisted in spelling them wrong. While most news-men applauded the efforts of the new *Trib*'s bosses to strike out on their own, the applause was tempered by some regret. Said one Chicago newsmen: "There is something sad about seeing the *Trib* lose the old to-hell-with-everything air of individualism that the Colonel instilled."

Delaplane's Dew

On a chilly fall day at Shannon Airport five years ago, San Francisco *Chronicle* Columnist Stan ("Postcards") Delaplane stepped up to a bar for a bracer. From the other side, he was handed a drink he had never tasted before. Delaplane inquired



Arthur Shay

THE "TRIBUNE'S" MAXWELL
Hop from frate to freight.

and got—complete with an Irishman's flair for a tale—Bartender Joe Sheridan's explanation of the origin of the drink.

Back in San Francisco Columnist Delaplane remembered the drink and the story. In his column, he wrote: "Twas in the old days the flying boats were landing at Foynes—about '38 I should say; the passengers would come in by launch, shivering and shaking fit to die with cold. 'Surely,' said Joe Sheridan, 'we must invent a stirrup cup for the poor souls, and them not able to put their shivering hands in their pockets for a shilling to pay unless we warm them. What is more warming.'



Robert Lockenbach

THE "CHRONICLE'S" DELAPLANE
Add coffee black as Cromwell's heart.

said Joe, "than Irish whisky, smooth as a maiden's kiss? To take the chill off their poor shaking hands we will fill the glass with coffee black as Cromwell's heart. We will top it with a floating inch of Irish cream." The result: Irish coffee.

"**What's Happening?**" The memory of the drink was not enough for Columnist Delaplane. One night at San Francisco's Buena Vista bar, he showed the bartender how to make Irish coffee.* The drink that Columnist Delaplane mixed (and reported in his column), packed a wallop felt far from San Francisco.

A few weeks after Delaplane's demonstration came a startled cable from Ireland to a San Francisco liquor importer: WHAT'S HAPPENING? The answer: Delaplane had touched off a craze for Irish coffee. In San Francisco's Buena Vista bar alone, consumption of Irish whisky leaped from two cases a year to 1,000 cases, an average of 700 Irish coffees a day. Visitors from some 40-odd cities where Delaplane's column runs turned up in droves to sample the magic dew. The consumption of Irish coffee has become so great that exports of Irish whisky to the U.S. increased 40% last year, to 10,000 cases. In Manhattan, bistros from Pat Moriarty's Chop House (price: 85¢) to the 21 Club (price: \$1.75) have begun ladling out Irish coffee.

TV Star Jack Webb built an entire *Dragnet* around Irish coffee. From Ireland came Count Cyril McCormack. John's son, sales director of John Locke & Co. Irish distillery, to see what was going on at the Buena Vista. From the Buena Vista, Bartender Jack Koeppler made a pilgrimage to Ireland and was guest of honor at a luncheon tendered by Deputy Prime Minister William Norton. "I might have been Saint Patrick himself, come to throw the snakes out," says Washington-born German-descended Bartender Koeppler.

"**Tis the Sad Truth.**" This fall the flabbergasted Irish whisky industry begins a campaign to put Irish coffee on the menus of bars and restaurants all over the U.S. But the men who introduced the drink to America, Bartender Joe Sheridan and Columnist Stan Delaplane, will not be part of the campaign. Joe Sheridan, who left Ireland and drifted to Canada, Hawaii and finally, by sheer coincidence, to San Francisco, cannot stand to even look at the drink any more. Instead of taking a place of honor he has been offered behind the bar at the Buena Vista, he works as a cook in Tiny's Waffle Shop, an all-night restaurant near San Francisco's Union Square. "Whisky and me, 'tis the sad truth," he says, "do not get along, whether it be in coffee or not."

As for Stan Delaplane, he avoids Irish whisky even straight (as it should be drunk), and will have no truck with Irish coffee. Says he: "I can't stand the stuff any more."

* Recipe: preheat a six-ounce glass with very hot water. Empty and refill the glass three-fourths full of hot, black, strong coffee. Add three cubes of sugar and stir until dissolved. Add a full jigger of Irish whisky and float whipped cream on top.

CINEMA



Murray Garrett—*Granada House*

The Kid from Hoboken

[See Cover]

In Hoboken, a Jersey waterfront town that does not shrink from comparison with Port Said, the old folks on the front steps tell the tale of a pretty little boy with rosy cheeks and light brown ringlets who went skipping along the sidewalk in one of the nation's hairiest neighborhoods—all dressed up in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit. "Hey!" said one little denizen of the neighborhood. "Lookit momma's dolling!" It was the work of a moment for the roughneck and his pal to redecorate the object of their interest with a barrage of rotten fruit. Then they opened their mouths to laugh, but no sound came. When last seen, the two boys were disappearing rapidly in the direction of the Erie Railroad tracks, followed hard by Little Lord Fauntleroy himself, who was spouting profanity in a highly experienced manner and carving the breeze with a jagged chunk of broken bottle.

Thirty-odd years have passed over Hoboken since that day, but what was true then still holds true. Francis Albert Sinatra, long grown out of his Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, is one of the most charming children in everyman's neighborhood; yet it is well to remember the jagged weapon. The one he carries nowadays is of the mind, and called exhibition, but it takes an ever more exciting edge. With charm and sharp edges and a snake-slick gift of song, he has dazzled and slashed and coiled his way through a career unparalleled in extravagance by any other entertainer of his generation. And last week, still four months shy of 40, he was well away on a

second career that promises to be if anything more brilliant than the first.

Out of the Boudoir. "Frank Sinatra," says an agent who wishes he had Frank's account, "is just about the hottest item in show business today." Sinatra, who in *Who's Who* lists himself as "baritone" by occupation, has offers of more work than he could do in 20 years, and seems pleasantly certain to pay income tax for 1953 on something close to \$100,000. Moreover, his new success spreads like a Hoboken cargo net across almost every area of show business.

In the movies. Frank Sinatra is currently in more demand than any other performer. His portrayal of Private Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*, which won him an Academy Award last year, burst on the public a new and fiercely burning star. To the amazement of millions, the boudoir johnny with the lotion tones stood revealed as a naturalistic actor of narrow but deep-cutting talents. He played what he is, The Kid from Hoboken, but he played him with rage and tenderness and grace, and he glinted in the barrel of human trash as poetically as an empty tin can in the light of a hobo's match.

Last week Sinatra was on public view in a musical, *Young at Heart*, and in a re-tread of a bestseller, *Not As a Stranger*, that was cashing in big. He also had two major movies in the can (*The Tender Trap*, a comedy, and *Gays and Dolls*, a musical in which he portrays Nathan Detroit, proprietor of "The world's oldest permanent floating crap game"), and had signed contracts for *Carousel* and three more. Probable total: five movies in twelve months. Probable personal in-

come from pictures in that period: \$800,000.

¶ In records, according to his worst enemy in show business, Frankie is "the biggest thing . . . so far this year." Whereas three years ago his best record (*Good Night Irene*) sold only 150,000 pressings, he has one on the market now (*Learnin' the Blues*) that is pushing 800,000 and another (*Young at Heart*) that is over the million mark. Furthermore, he is "the only pop singer who is a smash success in the album market." His three recent albums (*Songs for Young Lovers*, *Swing Easy*, and *In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning*) have reportedly sold 250,000 copies at \$4.98 apiece.

¶ In television, Sinatra is about to star in a Spectacular-type musical version of *Our Town*, and last week NBC was chasing him hard with a five-year contract to do seven shows a year. The proposed nut: about \$1,000,000.

¶ On the nightclubs and variety circuit Frank has a rating that stands second to none in pull or payoff (he can make up to \$50,000 a week at Las Vegas).

Said Frank Sinatra last week as he sat cockily in his ebony-furnished, "agency modern" offices in Los Angeles: William Morris Agency and tilted a white-handled black panama off his forehead: "Man, I'm buoyant. I feel about eight feet tall." Said a friend: "He's got it made. He's come all the way back and he's gone still further. He's made the transition from the hobby-sox to the Serutan set, and if he keeps on going like he's going, he'll step right in when Bing steps out as the greatest all-around entertainer in the business."

Clean Hands, Empty Ashtrays. Can Frank Sinatra keep on going? If it were only a question of public appeal, there would be no question. But it is also a matter of character, and Frank Sinatra is one of the most delightful, violent, dramatic, sad and sometimes downright terrifying personalities now on public view. The key to comprehension, if comprehension is possible, lies perhaps in one of the rare remarks that Baritone Sinatra has made about himself. "If it hadn't been for my interest in music," he once wrote, "I'd probably have ended in a life of crime."

The man looks, in fact, like the popular conception of a gangster, model 1920. He has bright, wild eyes and his movements suggest spring steel; he talks out of the corner of his mouth. He dresses with a glaring George Raft kind of snazziness: rich, dark shirts and white figured ties, with ring and cuff links that almost always match. He had, at last count, roughly \$10,000 worth of cuff links. "He has the Polo Grounds for a closet," says a friend. In one compartment hang more than 100 suits. In another there are 50 pairs of shoes, each shoe set on a separate tree that sprouts out of the wall. In another, zo hats. Frank is almost obsessively clean. He washes his hands with great frequency, takes two or three showers a day, and often gets apparently uncontrollable impulses to empty ash

trays. He hates to be photographed or seen in public without a hat or hairpiece to cover his retreating hairline.

Frankie has his gang. He is rarely to be seen without a few, and sometimes as many as ten of "the boys" around him, and some look indeed like unfortunate passport photographs. A few of the Sinatra staff—Manager Hank Sanicola, Writer Don McGuire, Makeup-man "Beans" Pomedel—have established and important functions, but most of the others are classified as "beards and hunkers,"* and as they march in bristling phalanx along Sunset Strip, Frank walks lordly at the head of them.

"I hate cops and reporters," Frank was once heard to say. He is an admitted friend of Joe Fischetti, who is prominent in what is left of the Capone mob, and he once made himself a lot of trouble by buddying up to Lucky Luciano in Havana—all of which is not to say that he mixes

than \$100 bills and "peels them off like toilet paper." He once financed a \$5,000 wedding for a friend. Another got a Cadillac, just because Sinatra liked him. To a third, Frank flung a grand piano one Christmas. In 1948 alone he spent more than \$30,000 on last-minute Christmas presents.

Scratch, Bite, Claw. The penny has its obverse, and the other side of Frankie can be a shining thing. He has a Janizary's loyalty for his few close friends. Says one: "It's sort of wonderful but frightening, like having a pet cheetah." Says Don Maguire: "You can call him any hour of the night and tell him you've got the flu, and he will bring you minestrone." When Judy Garland was in a Boston sanitarium, Sinatra sent her flowers every day for a year, and once sent a chartered plane full of her friends from Hollywood to Boston for a visit.

Says Actor Robert Mitchum, cinema's

tells how Frankie walked out on the christening of his son because the priest would not let him have the godfather Frankie wanted, who happened to be a Jew.

Is there an essential Sinatra hidden somewhere in this bony bundle of contradictions? One of his best friends thinks not. "There isn't any 'real' Sinatra. There's only what you see. You might as well try to analyze electricity. It is what it does. There's nothing inside him. He puts out so terrifically that nothing can accumulate inside. Frank is the absolutely genuine article, the diamond in the rough. If you want to understand a diamond, you ask about the pressures that made it. And if you want to understand Frank, you ask about Hoboken."

Another Slice of Pizza. In Hoboken, in a coldwater flat ("one can to four families"), Frank was born on Dec. 12, 1915. He weighed 13½ lbs. at birth, and in the delivery his head was badly ripped



"FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"



"GUYS & DOLLS"



"THE TENDER TRAP"

his pleasure with their business; Frankie is too smart for that. On occasion Sinatra, who was trained as a flyweight by his fighter father, has also gone in for slapping people around. He throws pretty frequent crying fits and temper tantrums too, and has even been seen to weep in his secretary's lap. His prodigality with the big green is legend from Hoboken to Hollywood. "Perhaps," says one friend, "Frank is the wildest spender of modern times. He throws it around like a drunken admiral." A member of his family reports that he usually carries nothing smaller

* A "beard," in Hollywood parlance, is a man employed by a male star to accompany him when he appears in public with a woman not his wife. Sometimes female stars use them too. The custom is usually successful in averting trouble with the wife or husband, the gossip columnists and the public. "If Hollywood ever took off its beard," a comedian once remarked, "the public would not recognize it." A "hunker" is somebody kept on the payroll to know baseball scores, send out for coffee, and strike matches on.

No. 1 problem child: "Frank is a tiger—afraid of nothing, ready for anything. He'll fight anything. Here's a frail, undersized little fellow with a scarred-up face who isn't afraid of the whole world."

Sinatra's courage, even his enemies agree, is the courage of burning convictions, however crudely they may be expressed. Many of his worst passages of public hooliganism have proceeded from instances of racial discrimination. He once slugged a waiter who refused to serve a Negro, another time went haywire at an anti-Semitic remark. Baritone Sinatra, riding the wave of success, is no underdog. "But he bleeds for the underdog," says one of his friends, "because he feels like one. Don't ask me why."

By a similar token, Sinatra is doggedly independent. "Don't tell me!" he often tells friends, eyes blazing, as he jabs them with a forefinger. "Suggest. But don't tell me." "Why, he might even vote Republican," one friend surmised. "if I told him to vote Democrat." A friend

by the forceps, and one of his ear lobes was torn away; he carries the scars to this day. The doctor laid the unbreathing baby on the bed, thinking him stillborn, and turned to save the mother. Frank survived because his grandmother snatched him up and put him under the cold-water faucet.

Frankie's father, Martin Sinatra, was a run-of-the-gym boxer who fought under the name of "Marty O'Brien," a quiet little man who could stand up to a beer and mind his own business. Frankie's mother "Dolly" Sinatra, was another slice of pizza altogether. That sturdy little woman could stand up to anything, come Hague or firewater, and minded everybody else's business along with plenty of her own. Dolly who says she started out as a practical nurse, was soon helping Marty run a little barroom at the corner of Jefferson and Fourth. She sang at church socials ("Dolly

© Left, with Montgomery Clift; right, with Debbie Reynolds.



Herbert Gehr - Life



United Press

THE VOICE (1943) & FIENDS

Like being stroked by a hand covered with cold cream.

was a barrel of fun"), faithfully turned up at the Democratic political meetings, and assisted at a lot of neighborhood births. In a few years she was a power in her part of town, and in 1909 Mayor Griffin made her district leader. In 1926 Mayor Bernard L. McFeeley, the political boss of Hoboken for 30 years, appointed her husband to a captaincy in the fire department.

When Frankie came along, mother Dolly had little time to be a mother. She was off, day and night, in the political swim, and if sometimes the water was polluted, Dolly always insisted that she kept her chin above it. Frank was sent to live with his grandmother, Dolly's mother. He also spent a lot of his time with his Aunt Josie, and with a motherly Jewish lady named Mrs. Golden.

Bikes, Cars. If Dolly could not spend time on Frankie, she could and she did spend money. So did his uncles, two ex-fighters engaged vaguely in "the promotion business." All agree: "We spoiled the kid." In a street where all the other kids had nothing, Frankie had plenty. Almost every day he wore a different suit; by the time he got to high school, he had 14 sport coats, and when he was married, says his mother, there were no fewer than 30 suits in his closets. As a kid, he ran through more than half a dozen bikes before he was twelve. During his teens, he owned five cars.

Being a well-fixed boy in a poor neighborhood had its disadvantages, but Frankie made the least of them. When the green-eyed little monsters mobbed him, Frankie fought foot and fang, and won their respect. Moreover, those he could not beat he could buy. In short, Frankie soon found himself with a gang at his back, and a gang in Hoboken had to be kept busy.

"We started hooking candy from the corner store," Frankie recalls. "Then lit-

tle things from the five-and-dime, then change from cash registers, and finally, we were up to stealing bicycles." Pretty soon Frank was involved in some rough gang wars. He got so good at planning jobs that his awe-struck henchmen called him "Angles," and he had plenty of bad examples to follow, pretty close to home. The streets he played in were full of boot-leggers and triggermen; there were even a couple of neighborhood gang killings.

At length Dolly saw what was happening, and decided to put an end to it. ("I wanted Frank to have it better than I did," she says.) She moved to a house on Park Street, in a nicer neighborhood. After that, Frank's errancy consisted mostly of pranks—he released a couple of pigeons in the school auditorium during assembly, sometimes took a cat into a movie house and shot it in the hindquarters with a BB pistol to make a commotion. "School was very uninteresting," he remembers. "Homework . . . we never bothered with . . ." In his last year in high school he was expelled, he says, on grounds of general rowdiness.

Frankie could not have cared less. He had already decided what he wanted to do with his life, and it didn't require a high-school diploma. At the age of 16, he had seen Bing Crosby on the stage. Cried Sinatra, in a voice that broke in his mouth like raw spaghetti: "I can do that!" Dolly and Marty had a good laugh. "G'wan, ya bum," his father used to twit him. "Why'n't ya go to work?" Frankie would burst into tears of rage and frustration, but his ambition held firm and sure. The next thing Dolly and Marty knew, he had won an amateur contest at the State Theater in Jersey City.

Boy Gets Break. Dolly gave it to him straight. "Listen, Frank, you're going to be something nice, like an engineer, and I don't want no more argument." But Frankie talked her out of \$65 for a public-

address system with a rhinestone-studded case, and started hiring out as a single at lead dances for \$3 a night. He worked over his technique meticulously, tirelessly. "My theory was to learn by trial and error," says Sinatra. "Not sing in the shower, but really operate. Execute!"

Pretty soon he won a Major Bowes contest and landed a 10-week contract as lead singer in a quartet called "The Hoboken Four." Six months later, Sinatra was back in Hoboken, airing his talents on 18 local sustaining programs every week for only 70¢ a week carfare. He also sang in the Rustic Cabin, a roadhouse not far from Hoboken where he waited table too, and "practically swept the floor," for \$75 a week. And there it was, in 1939, that Frank Sinatra got his break.

Bandleader Harry James heard Frank sing, and took him on as a featured vocalist. Six months later the great Tommy Dorsey himself bought Frank away from Harry at the princely price of \$110 a week. Two years with the Dorsey band smoothed a lot of rough edges off the kid from Hoboken, and raised at the same time some alarmingly sensual yet sensationally effective bumps on his singing style.

Sinatra would appear onstage, looking as one contemporary described him, "like a terrified boy of 15 in the presence of his first major opportunity." He would hang for a moment on the microphone, holding it itchily, as if it were a snake. "His face was like a wet rag." His chest caved in, as if from the weight of the enormous zoot shoulders it bore, and a huge, floppy bow tie hung down like the ears of a spaniel. For a moment he would look among his audience, pleadingly, as if searching for his mother, and then he would begin, timidly and with trembling lips, to sing.

Worn Velveteen. The Voice was worth all the buildup. It sang slowly, more slowly than most popular singers dared to



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sing, but it kept a heavy, heartbeat rhythm. Says one critic: "He never let go of that old Balaban & Katz beat." Other critics compared the sound of his voice to "worn velveteen," or said it was "like being stroked by a hand covered with cold cream." One listener wondered if Frank tucked his voice under his armpit between numbers, and another said he sounded as if he had musk glands where his tonsils ought to be.

Whatever the sound was, it was most consciously contrived. From Bing, of course. Frank borrowed the intense care for the lyrics, and a few of those bathtub sonorities the microphone takes so well. From Tommy Dorsey's trombone he learned to bend and smear his notes a little, and to lisp-pump his rhythms in the long dull level places. From Billie Holiday he caught the trick of scooping his attacks, braking the orchestra, and of working the "hot acciacatura"—the "Nawlin's" grace note that most white singers flub.

Yet through all these carefully acquired characteristics ran a vital streak of Sinatra. He was the first popular singer to use breathing for dramatic effect. He actually learned to breathe in the middle of a note without breaking it (an old trick of the American Indian singers), and so was able "to tie one phrase to another and sound like I never took a breath." He earned diction to a point of passionate perfection. But what made Sinatra Sinatra, when all came to all, was his naive urgency and belief in what he was saying. As one band-leader put it: "Why, that dear little jerk, He really believes those silly words!"

Scrawny Piper. He believed them, and suddenly large numbers of young girls began to believe Sinatra. They began to make little ecstatic moans when Frankie sang. The boys in the band laughed, and moaned right back, but Frankie took it all in ferocious earnest. He knew his hour had struck, and he asked Dorsey for a release of contract. Tommy refused, but in the end, in return for a fat piece of Frankie's future, let him go, and Frank was booked into the Paramount.

S-day, Dec. 31, 1942, dawned bright. After Frank's first performance, the stage door was congested by some squealing young things who wanted his autograph. The crowds grew until, after some weeks, traffic in Times Square was stopped cold by the massed oblation of thousands of wriggling female children. Out came the riot squad, up went the headlines: FIVE THOUSAND GIRLS FIGHT TO GET VIEW OF FRANK SINATRA. A scrawny, wistful little piper had come to town, and the younger generation was following him in far greater numbers and enthusiasm than ever it had shown for the Hamelin original—or for Rudolph Valentino himself. Wherever he went, fans mobbed him. Even at home, Sinatra was not safe. His house in Hasbrouck Heights, N.J., was ringed all day and half the night by gazing girdom. Originally white, its sides were soon smeared with lipstick. Sometimes the girls made human ladders and peered into his bedroom, and when he got a haircut the



It happened so fast I couldn't stop!

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and expert help, I was on my way the next day. My deductible Collision insurance with the Hartford Fire Insurance Company paid most of the repair bill on my car. The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company paid for the damage to the other car under my Property Damage Liability coverage. The Medical Payments feature of my policy took care of my hospital and doctor bills.

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International

NANCY SINATRA
After her, the Avalanche.

clippings were claimed. When Sumatra was bombed hobby-soxers panicked.

Worse still, they started to swoon. It began at the Paramount when a teen-aged girl, who had stood all night outside the theater and then sat through seven shows without food, quite naturally passed out in her seat. The tabloids screamed the story. After that they were dropping in the aisles like flies. At the height of the swoon syndrome, Frankie Boy got around 25,000 letters a year.

He Reached the Body. What was the cause of it all? Nobody is sure. "Frank was the first great bedroom singer of modern times," says a nightclub columnist. "He was the first singer to reach the—er—great body of American women." Frank disagrees. "I don't really think it was sex," he says, and many psychiatrists agree. "Mammary hyperesthesia," muttered one. Sinatra's voice, said another doctor, was in the early days "an authentic cry of starvation." Far from least, there was the late George Evans, Sinatra's pressagent, who more than any man helped to pull Frank up by his hobby-sox. He organized all the excitement into the pigtail platoon that pushed Frank over the top.

The whole world was at war, but there in the headlines was The Voice. The Verec. The Larynx. The Tonsil. The Bony Bartone. The Sultan of Swoon—"none other" (as Jimmy Durante expressed it) "than Moonlight Sinatra." Radio comics gnawed ecstatically on the famous skinnybones. "The pipiestest Caruso." "He has to pass a place twice before he casts a shadow." "I know the food here is lousy," cracked Phil Silvers as Frank walked onstage in their Army show, "but this is ridiculous!"

Frank's income whooshed up from \$750 to \$3,500 a week, and kept on going. In 1943 he made more than \$1,500,000. In 1944, while Governor Dewey, the Republican candidate for the presidency, was greeting a crowd gathered in front of the

Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Democrat Sinatra made a point of passing by. Two minutes later the governor was facing a handful of hard-core Republicans, while almost everybody else was following Frankie Boy down Park Avenue.

And what did Frankie do while the wine of fame was flowing free? He bought a \$250,000 home in Holmby Hills, then a place in Palm Springs, for \$162,000. He gave away gold Dunhill lighters (\$250 apiece) by the gross. He threw champagne parties day after day. And night after night, there were the women. When Frankie came back to his hotel he almost always found some mixed-up youngster hiding under his bed or in the closet; sometimes it was not a girl but a grown-up woman. One night a well-known society belle walked up and asked him for his autograph—on her brassière. On another occasion a woman walked into his room wearing a mink coat—and nothing underneath. Frank Sinatra coped with each situation as best he could.

What Did He Have? Frankie's name was linked with a succession of famous women: Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Marilyn Maxwell, Gloria Vanderbilt, Anita Ekberg. One movie queen was said to have flown thousands of miles on several occasions, just to spend a couple of hours with Frankie. On another actress he is said to have rained at least \$100,000 worth of gifts in only six months.

All these goings-on were naturally not calculated to please Mrs. Nancy Sinatra, the pretty girl from Hoboken whom Frank had married back in the Rustic Cabin days, and with whom he has three children—Nancy, 15, Frankie, 11, and Christina, 7. But somehow the Sinatras managed to keep the home fires sputtering along—until Frank one day met up with Ava Gardner.

Below the Salt. The barefoot Venus of Smithfield, N.C., was in some respects an excellent match for the Little Lord Fauntleroy of Hoboken. They had come from well below the salt, and they loved the high life at the head of the table. Ava, who had been chastened in two marriages and on the analytic couch as well, saw through her martini glass more darkly than did Frank. "If I were a man," she told him, "I wouldn't like me." But Frank liked her very much indeed, left home to keep her stormy, full-time company, finally persuaded Nancy, a steadfast Roman Catholic, to give him a divorce, and married Ava on Nov. 7, 1951.

Even before the wedding, Frank was worn down pretty fine. One night, in Reno, he had taken an overdose of sleeping pills. And after two years of Ava he was admitted to a New York hospital one night with several scratches on his lower arm. The decisive moment, however, came one night in 1953 when Frank threw her out of his house in Palm Springs. Since then, Ava has flirted with both Frankie and a divorce, but gotten together with neither of them.

Angles Again. After the Avalanche, there wasn't much left of Frank Sinatra. He was down from 132 to 118 lbs., his voice was shot, his record sales had practically stopped. His relations with the press



International

AVA GARDNER SINATRA
After her, the Deluge.

were in shreds. Church groups were fighting him because of all the scandal. The Government was after him for \$110,000 in back taxes. "Anyone know of a bigger bore just now," the *Daily News* inquired, "than Frank Sinatra?" Frankie, said the boys in Toots Shor's and in Chasen's, was done.

They underestimated Angles. Frankie loosened his ties to M-G-M. "Then," says he, "I started all over again with a clean slate." He changed his agent, from M.C.A. to William Morris; he changed his record company, from Columbia to Capitol. His voice came back, better than ever; record sales began to climb. He started to freelance in TV on a larger scale, and to look around for roles he really liked in the movies. Along came *Eternity*. "That's me!" said Frank Sinatra when he read about the roistering, ill-starred little Italian named Maggio. He wanted the part so badly that he offered to play it for only \$1,000 a week, made only \$8,000 on the picture.

Almost magically, humpty-dumpty was together again. What was he like after his great fall, and his miraculous bounce back to the high wall of fame? In recent months, Frank Sinatra has managed to irritate a crowd of 10,000 in Australia, sue a well-known producer for breach of contract and make it widely known that he "would rather punch him in the face," display scorn in public for Marlon Brando, alienate the affections of Sam Goldwyn, mount a wide-open attack on another entertainer in a prominent newspaper ad ("Ed Sullivan. You're sick . . . P.S. Sick! Sick! Sick!").

But many of Frank's friends insist that he has matured of late. He shows intense devotion to his children, visiting them almost every day and taking them with him wherever he can. He has buttressed the flimsy walls of present success with long-range business enterprises—five music

companies, an independent film outfit, a $\frac{2}{3}$ chunk of the enormous Sands gambling hotel in Las Vegas, and eleven shares of the Atlantic City Racetrack. In movies he picks his parts as carefully as he has always picked songs that suit both his talent and his taste. He works as fiercely as he plays.

Box Lunches & Cadillacs. The Sinatra day usually begins about 10 a.m. with a mug of hot coffee and a grandiose scattering of transcontinental telephone calls. A dozen people crowd around him as the makeup-man goes to work, all trying to outshout each other and a blaring radio. Off to the set in a bevy of Cadillacs, where the mob grows to 20 or 30 until Frank suddenly stands alone against a sky-blue set and moves his mouth expressively while his voice drifts out of a distant amplifier. At the first break he piles into a box lunch, then takes a catnap. There are some dialogue loops to make, and then across town in his colossal Cad ("I like lots of armor around me"), with brouhaha on the way about "them Giants," happy cackling about "Rocky" Marciano or the fun he will have with the boys at Toots Shor's on a scheduled trip to New York.

At the recording studio everything is ready: bare walls, hard chairs and rattling music racks, all neuter in a thin fluorescent light. But as Sinatra stands up to the mike, tie loose and blue palmetto hat stuck on awry, his cigarette hung slackly from his lips, a mood curling out into the room like smoke. He begins to sing, hips down and shoulders hunched, hands shaping the big rhythms and eyes rolling with each low-down line. The musicians come to life, the wallbirds start to smile and weave with the very special sound that is Sinatra. Instead of the old adolescent moo, the Sinatra voice now has a jazzy undertone of roostering confidence, and a kind of jewel hardness that can take on blue and give off fire with subtlety and fascination.

"That does it," technician says, and Frank hand-shakes his way to the door purrs off into the California night with his waiting date. They may drop in on some of Sinatra's current set of friends—the Bogarts, Judy (Garland) and Sid Luft—or munch a steak with Montgomery Clift & Co. Frankie loves the clink of ice in well-filled glasses, and the click of Hollywood's oddballs in a well-filled room. But everybody has to go home, sooner or later, and the moment comes sometimes when Frankie is left alone—the thing he seems to hate the most in life. If that should happen, he may ring up a girl he has known for many years. When she arrives, they sit and talk and talk until the sun comes up or she falls asleep, and then Frank may wander next door to have breakfast with Jimmy van Heusen, the songwriter and Sinatra friend. So begins another day in the Arabian Nights of Frank Sinatra.

Sometimes somebody tries to tell him that his way is no way to live, but when they do, Frank has an answer as simple and as emphatic as a punch in the mouth "I'm going to do as I please, I don't need anybody in the world. I did it all myself."

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ART



CENTER PANEL OF OSKAR KOKOSCHKA'S "THERMOPYLAE"

O.K.'s O.K.

Expressionism is not so much a school of art as of attitude: it requires the artist, while sober, to behave as if drunk. The damn-the-torpedoes dean of the school is Oskar Kokoschka, 60, who signs himself "O.K." and is proving very much O.K. in Salzburg this season. Kokoschka's sets for a festival performance of Mozart's *Magic Flute* were the hit of the show (TIME, Aug. 8), his summer art school in a fortress overlooking the city was going strong, and an exhibition of his last three years' work drew raves from the critics.

Kokoschka himself led the applause. Struggling to describe his most ambitious new work—a triptych he calls *Thermopylæ*—Kokoschka allowed that "it embodies all the richness of painting art, all the invention of painters, and all the knowledge of painting of the past." In the center panel of the triptych (*see cut*) a Greek warrior, representing Europe torn between East and West, stands hesitant. To his right, in an ascending crescent, are a traitor, a seer, and a standofish sort of god. To his left, the battle rages, a lost one, because "battles are always lost."

The son of a poor Czech goldsmith, Kokoschka once made a living decorating fans. He has spent the major part of his life in opposition to the painstaking and delicacy required for goldsmithing and fan-painting; to him emotion is all. Kokoschka early learned to squint at the world through thick, hot lenses of feeling and to say what he saw in fat, turbulent strokes of brilliant color. Hitler called him the most degenerate painter; the free

world found him an apostle of artistic freedom. No modern artist except Picasso (whom he affects to despise) has staged more lavishly dramatic impromptus on canvas. Kokoschka's "O.K." is almost a synonym for expressionism, and rightly so.

Kokoschka still stands proud and defiant against what he calls "the mob," but more gloomily than before. "In an age when every boy understands the airplane," he complains, "there's no need for art. People today can live quite happily without art, so long as they have mathematics."



Herbert Gehr-Lits
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The Deathless Ones

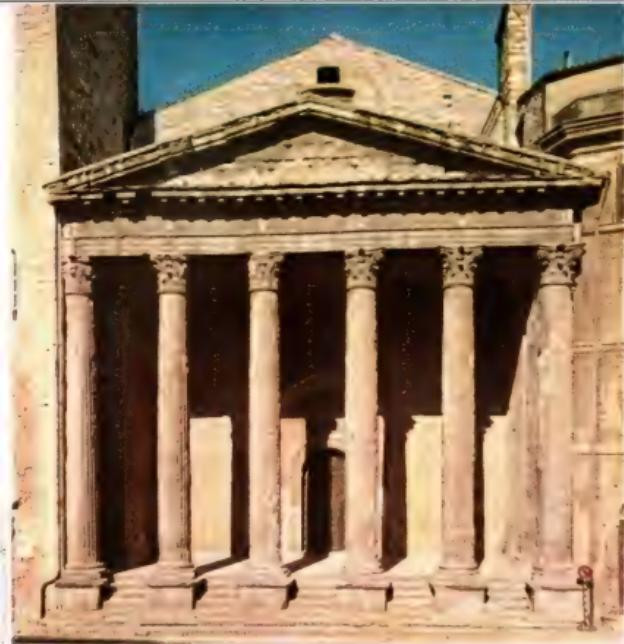
TOURISTS from the U.S., swarming through Italy this summer in greater numbers than ever, keep coming across ancient deities in Renaissance dress. Because U.S. culture has little indigenous pagan art—largely confined to Indian reservations and museums—Americans are often somewhat shocked to find pagan gods at ease in Christian churches and palaces. But the shock soon turns to delight, for Renaissance artists could make the gods seem as at home in church as children at a party, and use them for the greater glory of Christianity (see color pages).

Actually, the pagan gods died, as gods long before the collapse of the ancient world. Cicero's *De Natura Deorum* treats them as 1) historical personages, 2) cosmic symbols, and 3) allegories. Thus translated from the realm of blind faith to that of reason, they became deathless elements in the heritage of Western man. Yet in medieval times they led a shadowy life indeed. The church treated them as peasant superstitions (the Roman *paganus* was a country district), or turned them into demons. Satan, for example, inherited hooves and horns from the great god Pan. It remained for the Renaissance to bring the gods back into the sunlight.

Up from Underground. One way was by digging. In 1345 the citizens of Siena found a buried Roman statue of Venus, carried it in triumph through the streets and installed it in the city square. Venus smiled on the square for twelve years, during which Siena was visited by plague, civil war and invasion. At last, blaming her for the flood of troubles, the people superstitiously destroyed Venus and dumped her fragments on Florentine soil. Still, all over Italy the ice of ignorance was beginning to break up. Scholars were studying ancient manuscripts; artists found inspiration in classical art, with its emphasis on the human form; architects began to see that Rome's awesome ruins showed the work not of sorcerers but of men like themselves.

Recognizing the beauty of Assisi's Temple of Minerva, the citizens turned it into a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Correggio, commissioned to paint edifying decorations for a convent, included a *Punishment of Juno* to point up the perils of false pride. Taddeo di Bartolo decorated the chapel in Siena's Pubblico Palace with a procession of Roman virtues—Prudence, Force, Magnanimity, Justice—plus Jupiter in his sun-god aspect. Mars thundering by in a horlike chariot. Minerva, Apollo, Aristotle, Caesar, and the Roman general Manius Curius Dentatus.

Parnassus in the Vatican. Agostino Chigi, the Rockefeller to 16th century Rome, was a firm believer in astrology (a pagan holdover), yet pious too. The meaning of the decorations he ordered for his burial chapel in Rome's Church of Santa Maria del Popolo is obviously that the lives of men are subject to the planets.



Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva at Assisi

Correggio's "The Punishment of Juno"



Jupiter and Mars

Taddeo di Bartolo's fresco on the ceiling of the vestibule to the chapel in Siena's Public Palace dates from about 1400. Above the gods floats a nostalgic map of the ancient, pagan Rome.

The Chigi Chapel →

The resting place of Renaissance Financier Agostino Chigi lies under this dome in Rome's Church of Santa Maria del Popolo. Ceiling painting combines astrology with Christianity by showing the signs of the Zodiac surrounded by angels and encircling God the Father.







Raphael's "Galatea"

At the dawn of the 16th century, Italian thinkers and painters embraced both the ideas and the forms

of antiquity. This masterpiece personifies Water, one of the four elements listed by the Ancients.

RELIGION

which are in turn subject to God. Raphael, who painted the pagan divinity Galatea for Chigi's palace, also made the Vatican shine with Christian and pagan subjects, depicting the company of the saints and a synod of ancient sages opposite one another, making companion pictures of the fall of Adam and Eve and the flaying of Marsyas, and facing an allegorical fresco of the three chief Christian virtues with one of Parnassus.

Raphael is too sweetly radiant for modern taste, which prefers the mystery of Leonardo or the power of Michelangelo. But he, more than either of them, blends pagan joy in life with the loving-kindness of Christianity. Through Raphael's genius the old gods were reborn in a gentler, better world than the classical—an achievement that marked the apogee of Renaissance art.

Market Report

The art market boom that has pushed French impressionist paintings to dizzy heights (*TIME*, July 11) has begun to inflate Old Master values as well. London's leading auction galleries, which handle a lion's share of the world's Old Master market, totaled their year's earnings last week and found that they had set new sales records. Bestsellers:

¶ 17th Century Eclectics: Pictures by the Carracci brothers, Carlo Dolci, Salvator Rosa and Guido Reni have increased tenfold in value since World War II, now bring as much as \$11,000.

¶ 18th Century Venetians: Canaletto's rear-photographic panoramas of Venice could be bought for a few hundred dollars 15 years ago, now cost up to \$30,000. A small pair of cityscapes by Francesco Guardi sold for \$7,700 in 1946, brought \$25,200 at auction in London last March. One reason for the comeback: the present fashion for imitation 18th century interiors. (Because early Renaissance furniture does not appeal to decorators this year, prices for Italian primitives are down.)

¶ English Portraitors: Gainsborough, Reynolds and Romney are returning to favor, though nowhere near the inflated level to which Lord Duveen, the famed Seeing Eye dealer for U.S. millionaires, pushed them during the boom of the 1920s. Then, wealthy Easterners (e.g., Andrew Mellon, Jules Bache) bought them; now, Texas oilmen do. The wide-ranging oilmen, one happy dealer explained last week, "prefer to buy their English pictures in England."

¶ The Barbizon School: 19th century French Landscapists Daubigny, Theodore Rousseau and Millet, long in eclipse because Duveen frowned upon them, are back in favor, have increased as much as ten times in value in the last four years.

While the demand for Old Masters continues, nothing is surer than the shrinking of the supply—especially since the best paintings are continually being frozen into permanent public and private collections. The result, as the London *Economist* recently cautioned would-be-investors: "Too much money has been chasing too few good pictures."

Concrete Vineyard

Along the littered streets of Manhattan's East Harlem, past dingy doorways and under rusting fire escapes strolled a young Yaleman and a Boston University graduate student, wearing baggy old trousers and work shirt. As they passed, youngsters greeted them by name or tugged their arms. Lounging tenement dwellers nodded brusquely in their direction. It was a neighborhood traditionally hostile to strangers, that signified acceptance. It was also a victory for what the students stood for: the church.

The boys were part of a radical Christian experiment: the East Harlem Protestant Parish. With 21 other students (twelve boys, nine girls) from Colby, Swarthmore, Colgate, Union Theological

in Harlem are studying for the ministry, others are majoring in education, sociology, law. Most have religious backgrounds, but at least one is from an agnostic family. They went to East Harlem with few illusions: each one was warned beforehand not to take along any valuables. From a \$90 kitty that each brought from home, they draw \$1.25 a day for food. In groups of four and five, they set up housekeeping in grubby, cramped little walkups that one described as "cleaned-up ratholes." They sleep in borrowed bunks, cook, wash and eat in primitive kitchens, wage an endless war against mice and cockroaches. It is a far cry from campus life.

Reason to Live. Their main task is to work among youth in East Harlem's concrete vineyard. Occasionally they make



COLLEGE MISSIONARIES & CHARGES
Also, mice and a \$90 kitty.

Tommy Weber

Seminary and other Eastern and Midwestern colleges, they had forsaken beach or mountains to spend their summer vacations in one of the country's most densely populated, crime-ridden areas. Their mission: to practice Christianity.

Few Illusions. The East Harlem Protestant Parish consists of one church building, three store-front churches and several recreation halls and offices, all within a few blocks of each other, north of East 100th Street. It serves a 21-block area containing some 30,000 people, most of them Puerto Ricans and Negroes. The project is supported by eight Protestant denominations (Baptist, Congregationalist, Evangelical United Brethren, Methodist, Mennonite, Presbyterian, Reformed Church, Evangelical and Reformed), is regularly served by seven young ministers (two are women) and a staff of ten workers.

Some of this year's college missionaries

peace among warring street gangs, stage drives against narcotics, or organize meetings to urge reforms. But most of their work is less dramatic. Both boys and girls handle groups of children ranging from three-year-olds to teen-agers. They hold Bible classes, teach handicrafts, chaperone teen-age dances at church recreation centers, take youngsters on trips to beaches, museums, ball games, or on hikes and camping trips. When they find that their charges belong to a street gang, they often try to organize handicraft classes or can-teens for the whole gang. They continually call on parents to discuss the problems of the children they work with.

In one tenement, the college boys began by welcoming the building's youngsters to their apartment, eventually got almost all of them to join church youth groups. Neighborhood men sometimes suggest that the boys join them for a beer (although most of them do not ordinarily drink).



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Walking where no limousine can go.

they make a special point of accepting such invitations.

The collegians do not expect, in a few months, to transform their charges into fervent churchgoers. Their long-range purpose: "To show people that the gospel is concerned with every phase of life—to give them a reason to live."

Leap Over the Turrets

"Here they come," murmured the crowd gathered for the annual Assumption Day parade in the tiny French village of Oizou. All eyes turned to the tall man with horn-rimmed glasses and the small, serious-faced woman who walked in the procession behind him.

To the village folk, the Marquis and Marquise de Vogué were almost legendary figures. He held one of the oldest titles, owned one of the biggest fortunes in France. Like his illustrious forebears, he was a fastidious man of the world, loved to travel, to hunt on his vast estates, to entertain lavishly in his turreted ancestral home, the Chateau de la Verrerie. Dressed in exclusive Dior gowns, his wife was every inch the *grande dame*, and on occasion, as she accompanied her financier husband on business trips, she helped close many a solid financial deal herself.

As the Marquis and Marquise walked through the sunny streets of Oizou last week, their hands clasped, looking neither right nor left, the villagers continued to buzz and whisper. It was the last time they would ever see the Marquis and Marquise de Vogué.

The Marquis, 63, and his wife, 58, are about to abandon their sumptuous life. The Marquis will shave his well-groomed head and don the rough cowl of a Benedictine monk, and the Marquise will forsake her finery for the simple habit of the Little Sisters of the Ascension. In a monastery in central France, he will till the land with his brother monks, eat

the simplest of foods, rise at night to chant the office. She will nurse the sick and aid the poor in parts of Paris where on past visits her limousine never brought her. They will never see each other again.

The Marquis and Marquise, who have been married 35 years, made their decision long ago, but wanted to wait until the last of their five children settled down. This week their youngest son, Geoffrey, 23, is to be married. Four of their children (the fifth is a Benedictine monk) will inherit the family fortune. The Marquis and Marquise said goodbye to their family in typical fashion—at a party. Said the Marquis: "I shall miss my hunting rifle most of all."

Words & Works

¶ Samuel Cardinal Stritch of Chicago called for a restoration of the "Madonna concept" of woman to combat "sexualism and virulent attacks on family life." "The world seems to have gone sex crazy," he told the National Catholic Women's Union. Women must be restored to a position of "sacred dignity" and play the role of the Virgin Mary in "home, neighborhood, community and nation."

¶ Delegates to the Lutheran League of America at Ann Arbor, Mich., condemned "the use by the motion picture and song industries of Biblical and religious material when there is distortion of its intended purposes—to convey the Word of God."

¶ Four American Baptist clergymen on a tour of Russia left for home "impressed [by] the enthusiasm and sincerity" of Russian churchgoers and by "the surprising number of young men and women in the churches." Said the Rev. Theodore F. Adams of the First Baptist Church in Richmond, Va., president of the World Baptist Alliance (TIME, Aug. 1): "Of course, they do not have religious freedom the way we know it, but they certainly have full freedom of worship."



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Mail-Order Maelstrom

The book-club system, which accounts for about 10% of all U.S. book sales, has moved into the music field in a big way. Mail-order music clubs have been spinning profitably on the fringes of the record business for ten years, and today they are going stronger than ever, may now account for as much as 15% of the LP business. Their method resembles the book clubs': full-page ads in the Sunday supplements, often dominated by the word "FREE!" in doughnut lettering. The usual deal: subscribers get a record free for joining up, or for every two they buy.

Early mail-order music clubs included the high-minded Concert Hall Society and the Young People's Record Club. Biggest of today's houses, with fluctuating memberships as high as 225,000: Musical Masterpiece Society, Music Treasures of the World and the Book-of-the-Month Club's Music-Appreciation Records. All of them have had the same disadvantages: no regular big-name performers and merely average sound quality. Nonetheless, they operate at a tidy profit, and some are trying hard to improve their wares, e.g., the Book-of-the-Month Club has begun releasing topnotch Angel disks, such as Debussy's *La Mer*, and has made a deal with New York's Metropolitan Opera for Met cast recordings. Last week Columbia Records, one of the biggest major labels, lowered itself into the mail-order maelstrom, announced its own record club with a million-dollar advertising campaign. In a five-page letter to its dealers Columbia explained that the record clubs are offering "the tremendous inducements . . . heretofore unheard of royalty guarantees" to artists in an effort to lure them away from the big companies. The only way to meet this competition, Columbia decided, was to swing a club of its own, and it offered dealers 20% of the retail price of records bought by every new member they bring in. Columbia is tooted up to service 500,000 subscribers (about 5% of U.S. LP phonograph owners) with performances by Columbia's own stars in jazz, pop, film and classical fields. For every two records bought the subscriber gets one specially pressed disk free. First classical bonus: Sir Thomas Beecham conducting "Great 19th Century Overtures."

The Harp of David

The old Russian pianist lay on his deathbed in Jerusalem, and with his last breath he spoke to his young grandson. He told of an antique piano, with a tone so beautiful that it had been called the Harp of King David. Its richly carved case—so people said—was hewn of wood from Solomon's temple in Jerusalem. That part was legend, but the piano itself was fact. It stood, the old man told young Avner Carmi, in King Victor Emanuel's palace in Rome, and Avner's mission was to call on the King one day, in order to

see and hear the wondrous instrument.

That was in 1917. Young Avner Carmi went on to become a piano tuner (he worked for the late great Artur Schnabel, among others), and when his travels took him to Italy in the '30s, he tried to carry out his grandfather's wish. The famous piano was there, all right. It had been built around 1800 in Turin by piano-makers named Marchisio and a wood-carver named Ferri. Decades later, the city council of Siena had presented it to Crown Prince Umberto (later King Umberto I) as a wedding present. It seemed within Carmi's reach at last, but Italy's Fascist bureaucrats never gave him permission to enter the royal palace.

Then came World War II, and Carmi enlisted in a British transport unit. In



Walter Daran

TUNER CARMI & THE KING'S PIANO
Beets, meat, chickens and superb Scarlatti.

North Africa, his outfit was attached to Montgomery's Eighth Army. One day at El Alamein, Carmi was collecting debris left by Rommel's retreat when he came across a bulky, grey object. It proved to be a piano, encased in a rock-hard coating of plaster, its innards too sand-clogged to sound.

Saved from the Fire. Along with other refuse of war, the piano was supposed to be burned on a giant scrap heap in the desert. Carmi did not suspect that there might be anything special about it, but he could not bear the thought of any piano's being burned, no matter how old and battered. He got permission from his superior officer to keep it out of the flames. Later, partially restored but still encased in plaster, the piano was given to a troupe of entertainers touring the British armies in the Mediterranean.

Somehow, the troupe and its piano kept crossing Carmi's path—at Palermo, again in Naples. Finally, as he learned later, the

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Hair-oil smudges on the backs of chairs you see displayed in furniture stores are on the way out. Bemis is now making a polyethylene slipcover chair-back cover that not only protects the upholstery, but also carries an ever-working sales message. One manufacturer who ships chairs with the Bemis covers has them printed with the invitation "Please be seated." It works—and sells chairs.



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That's why you see more and more aluminum being used today in science, industry, transportation, on the farm, in your home, *everywhere*.

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Aluminum from Canada

Here Comes Aluminum! Grand powerplants like Quebec's Chute à la Savane, provide electricity for Canada's continuing aluminum expansion.



British left it at Tel Aviv. A beekeeper found it, tried to use it as a hive. A chicken farmer tried to use it as an incubator, a butcher as a meat safe. Finally it was cast out into the street as useless. There Avner Carmi—by now out of the service and once more a piano tuner—again found what he called "my plaster piano pal." When he saw that the insides had been ripped out with only the sounding board left, he sadly decided to abandon it.

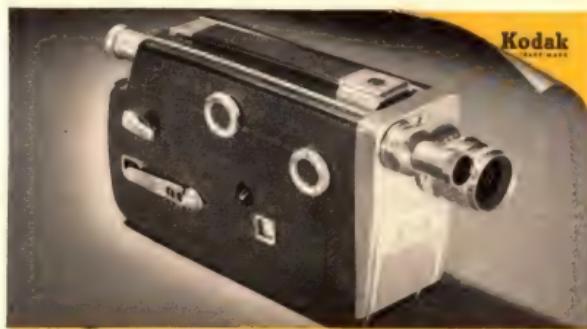
But he could not shake it off that easily: a few days later it turned up at his piano-repair shop. A music-loving plasterer had found it and handed Carmi an advance with orders to fix the instrument. Later, the plasterer changed his mind and demanded his money back. He demanded it vehemently. He pounded his fist on the piano. As he did so, the plaster casing cracked and the head and torso of a little wooden cherub came into view.

Carmi hurriedly handed over the money, then feverishly started to remove the rest of the plaster. Slices of benzine, alcohol, vinegar and lemon juice failed to part plaster from wood, but 24 gallons of acetone finally did the trick. What emerged was an elaborately carved case, featuring a frieze of plump, drunken cherubs hauling their equally drunken queen across the piano face with most unusual leers. Carmi dug out an old picture of the king's piano. It was the same.

Mission Accomplished. How had the piano found its way to North Africa in the first place? Presumably, some looting German soldiers had taken it along for their own troop entertainers. Still puzzling over the coincidences that had brought him the piano, Carmi set to work. Using the original, wafer-thin cypress wood sounding board as a guide, he painstakingly restored the piano, installed a new action and strings. The job took three years. In 1953, he arrived in the U.S. to show off his transformed desert pal.

The piano's first recording was released this week (*The Siena Pianoforte, Esoteric*), and it sounds good enough, indeed, to be called King David's Harp. The record contains six little Scarlatti sonatas and one bigger one by Mozart (K. 333), elegantly played by rising Manhattan Pianist Charles Rosen. Although the piano's origin is closer to Mozart's day than Scarlatti's, the gem-pure Scarlatti pieces are more effectively unveiled. Through Pianist Rosen's subtle fingers—and the piano's remarkable characteristics—the piquant upper lines take on the diamond-point clarity of a harpsichord, while the sonatas' lower notes emerge with something like a modern piano's warmer, darker mass of tone. The total effect is a fusion of contrasting elements into a near-perfect whole.

Piano Tuner Carmi is now devoting his whole life to his beloved little piano, has nearly finished a book about it and has arranged for seven more records, each devoted to a different musical period, from Bach to Debussy. He knows the piano's story is not yet done, but he has amply fulfilled his grandfather's mission.



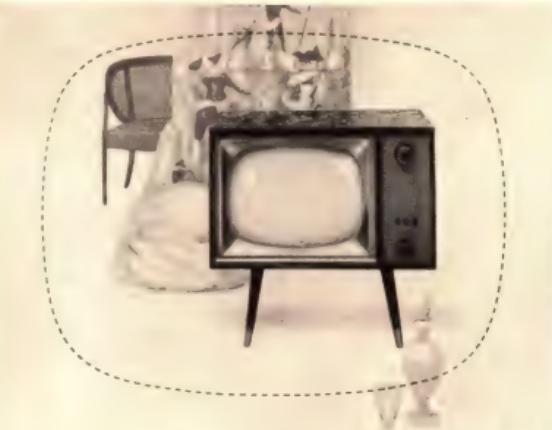
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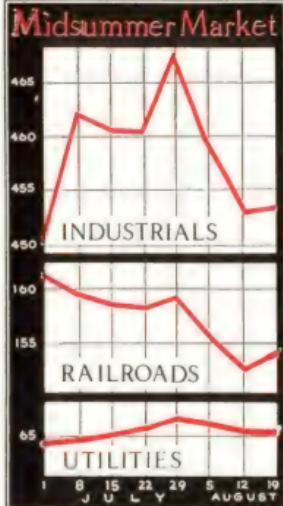
Rest & Readjustment

After 18 months of soaring rise, the stock market has been moving lower for four straight weeks. From a July peak of 471.73 on the Dow-Jones average, industrial stocks on the New York Stock Exchange eased downward day after day. Railroad stocks, which broke through to a new high of 184.59 in mid-June, followed the pattern. So did utilities. By last week Dow-Jones industrials were at 453.57—down about 20 points; rails were off ten points, to 151.09; utilities at 65.34. The volume of selling was only half the 3,000,000-share daily peak of mid-July. Inevitably, the question sprang up: Is the bull market over?

Wall Street's answer to the question was a firm no. For years, the stock market has followed, rather than led, the U.S. economy. And like everything else, the market is beginning to feel the effects of the U.S. Government's concern over inflation (TIME, Aug. 15). Just as the Federal Reserve tightened interest rates, as the Veterans Administration and FHA eased up on housing credit, so businessmen and investors were slowing the market.

It was a period of rest and readjustment. Despite glowing mid-year earning reports, a substantial number of companies decided to put off predicted stock splits or dividend boosts. Such market leaders as Bethlehem Steel (143), IBM (404), Standard Oil of New Jersey (132), DuPont (218), all decided to wait before splitting. The first effects came from speculators who, by buying heavily, had helped push prices up, then pushed them down just when they sold out.

More important, in a lightening market,



Line Chart by R.M. Chasin Jr.

the fire- and life-insurance companies and other big institutional investors were beginning to ease off their stock-buying programs and were putting more money into bonds. With blue-chip stocks at record levels, many companies were paying dividends amounting to only 3% of their stock purchase price; thus, high-yield 4% bonds became more attractive investments. Furthermore, the recent credit restrictions made individual investors think twice before going deeper into the market.

The retreat was both gradual and graceful. Few stocks slumped sharply, and there was virtually no alarm selling. Most of Wall Street saw the leveling off as merely part of a general easing of the U.S. economy. If anything, Wall Street was relieved: had stocks continued their giddy rise, Washington's increasing concern over inflation might have brought more stringent curbs on credit for the economy in general. As it was, the market was making its own moderate adjustment.

ATOMIC ENERGY

The Nuclear Salesmen

While the world's scientists met in Geneva for the first International Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy (see SCIENCE), the world's manufacturers of peaceful atomic products were busy on the other side of town at their own nuclear trade fair. In booths at the great Palace of Expositions, they displayed devices ranging from radiation detectors to brain probes. But what most countries were interested in buying was a nuclear power plant.

Out of Geneva last week came word of the first major sale. Westinghouse Electric Corp. became the first company in the world to sell an atomic power plant for export abroad. The buyer was Italy's Fiat company (autos, jet planes, refrigerators), which expects to install its prize at the University of Turin for operation and research, plans to use the electricity at one of its nearby factories.

Up from the Nautilus. Westinghouse arrived at Geneva's trade fair with a big salesman's advantage. It was the only company in the world that could take orders for a well-tested reactor. Though Britain could show off great technological advances—and its businessmen drew most of the preconference attention—it was far from the production stage on any specific model. Westinghouse, as the firm that built the power plant for the atomic submarine *Nautilus*, could boast of two years of practical experience with working reactors.

The product it put up for sale was a 10,000-kw. package plant (big enough to power a town of about 15,000 population), with parts that could be boxed and flown anywhere in the world for reassembly. It is a "pressurized water" reactor plant, i.e., ordinary water under high pressure is used both to control the reactor and to produce steam to turn the turbine that generates the electricity, and similar to the 60,000-kw. plant that Westinghouse is building for Duquesne Light Co. at Shippingport, Pa. The price: \$4,000,000, if Westinghouse gets as many as ten orders.

Atoms in the Moonlight. Not only was Westinghouse loaded with experience and ready with order blanks, but, under the sure hand of Westinghouse Internation-



WESTINGHOUSE'S WEAVER
Loaded with experience.



WESTINGHOUSE'S DE CUBAS
Ready with blanks.

TIME CLOCK

al's Sales Manager Jose de Cubas, it also crashed the Geneva market with a sales technique that staggered European buyers. At the trade fair, Westinghouse had a small booth with working model of its Shippingport reactor, but it had long since decided not to depend entirely on mechanical exhibits. Instead, the company took over the entire first floor of the fashionable Genevoise restaurant for the duration of the conference, so industrialists, scientists and newsmen could talk things over and enjoy the free drinks, snacks and cigars. One night the super-salesmen chartered a Lake Geneva steamer, took aboard 400 prospective clients and wives, wined, dined and danced them until dawn.

Such good will paid off. Into Hospitalité House, to mix with Westinghouse's Vice President for Atomics Charles Weaver and its top-drawer salesmen, swarmed representatives of 26 nations. Every prospect who looked good or even hopeful got a handsomely bound prospectus with pictures and detailed sketches of the reactor. When the time came to close the first sale, Scientist Weaver and Salesman de Cubas met with Fiat President Vittorio Valletta and signed him up.

No Sale. By week's end Westinghouse had made "several" deals for its reactor, mostly with private European firms that had the backing of their governments. One day even a Russian delegation marched in to place an order. Westinghouse gave the Russians no promises, and little hope. Before the year is out, Westinghouse expects to make at least ten sales; within two years, it hopes to make its first delivery.

For all its success at Geneva, Westinghouse cannot ship a single reactor until the U.S. Government approves an export license, and AEC provides the fuel (enriched uranium) for its operation. But no businessman in Geneva doubted that the Government will cooperate.

CORPORATIONS

Going Steady

When Manhattan Hosier Abraham Feinberg stitched himself into control of the fraying Julius Kayser & Co. a year ago, the company's once-famous line of medium-priced lingerie, gloves and stockings had about as much sex appeal as sackcloth. Board Chairman Feinberg set out to woo the hard-to-sell, fashion-conscious college and career girl, hired top designers to turn out fetching new trifles, e.g., red "mambo" panties. He also revamped Kayser advertising to emphasize girlish glamour instead of spinsterish thrift: "Be Wiser—Buy Kayser," its longtime slogan, became "You Owe It To Your Audience." When Kayser's new-looking 1955 lingerie collection was shown last June, it drew the biggest crowd of department-store buyers in Kayser's history, spurred a 50% spurt in sales.

JET AIRLINER DECISION is expected to be made within a month by major U.S. airlines. Executives from United, T.W.A., American, Eastern and Pan American have reached the horse-trading stage with rival Planners Douglas and Boeing, are shuttling between the two firms dickering over prices and specifications on the Douglas DC-8 and Boeing 707. United President William A. Patterson has put spurs to both by stating that he will soon order 25 jets worth \$125 million "from either Douglas or Boeing," depending on which has the better plane. Orders at stake: possibly 125 planes, worth \$625 million.

MINE WORKERS have won the same basic \$20 daily wage as workers in the booming steel and auto industries. The miners' John L. Lewis has negotiated a contract with the Bituminous Coal Operators Association, under which 120,000 northern miners (current wages: \$18.25) will get their first pay boost in three years: \$2 a day, with \$1.20 of it going into effect this fall, the rest next April.

WILSON & CO., No. 3 of the meatpacking industry's big four, will shut down its Chicago meat operation, lay off 3,000 workers and abandon its 71-building plant scattered over 22 acres in the stockyards area. Main reason: because of improvements in transportation, refrigeration and communication, slaughterhouses are moving steadily closer to the range. To follow the trend, Wilson will spend \$4,500,000 to expand and modernize plants in Omaha, Albert Lea, Minn. and Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

COPPER PRICES have jummed to 40¢ a lb., the highest level in the U.S. since 1872. With the exception of Kennecott Copper, which boosted the price of Chilean metal only, the big companies (Anaconda, Phelps Dodge, and American Smelting & Refining) hiked prices of copper for the third time this year, for an overall 10% increase since January. Reasons: 1) a 15% wage boost given 35,000

At the same time, Feinberg started reaching out for other well-known lines, e.g., Catalina swimwear (which claims to be the world's biggest swimsuit maker), Fruit of the Loom hosiery. Last week, still pulling itself up by the garters, Kayser agreed to pay \$1.3 million for Milwaukee's thriving Holeproof Hosiery Co. (1954 net: \$1,157,984), one of the biggest U.S. lingerie and stocking manufacturers. The merger, Kayser's sixth in one year, will make it the world's largest producer of lingerie, stockings and women's accessories. Solidly in the black, after six years in which sales plummeted from \$27,500,000 to \$19,400,000 (fiscal 1954 loss: \$300,000), Kayser and subsidiaries expect to gross more than \$45 million this year, up to \$55 million in 1956.

Get Good Names. Kayser's quick climb, a one-year wonder in an ailing industry, is cut right to the pattern of rangy

U.S. copper workers after a 43-day strike, 2) a general increase in world copper demand.

BICYCLE TARIFFS are going up 50% to protect U.S. manufacturers from foreign competition. With imported bikes grabbing off nearly 40% of the U.S. market, President Eisenhower last week jacked up tariff rates from 7½ to 11½% on popular, lightweight, large-wheel models, as high as 22½% on other foreign-made bikes. Estimated increase in retail prices to U.S. cyclists: up to \$5 a bike. Increase in U.S.-made bike prices: none.

SYNTHETIC RUBBER is rolling at top speed now that private business has taken over the Government's 24 synthetic plants (*Time*, May 9). With natural rubber prices soaring, demand for synthetics is so high that man-made rubber will total 60% of the market this year, has already hit 50%-tonnes in 1955's first half, a 36% jump over 1954. Goodyear, Firestone, U.S. Rubber, Goodrich all have big expansion programs in the works.

CHEESE SQUEEZE is being put on the Department of Agriculture by the House Government Operations subcommittee for a curious deal made last year, shortly before dairy supports dropped from 90% to 75% of parity. Agriculture had bought 86 million lbs. of cheese from 100 firms at the old, 37½-a-lb. price, then later allowed them to buy it back at prices as low as 34½ a lb. Loss to the Government: \$2,000,000. Explained Acting Agriculture Secretary True D. Morse: the idea was to prevent dumping, help cheesemen make the transition from high to lower supports.

INDUSTRY'S FLIGHT to the suburbs is slowing down, say Manhattan real-estate men. Late to buy the tide Union Carbide & Carbon Corp., which originally planned to move to Westchester County, last week changed its mind, instead will build a new \$40 million Park Avenue headquarters in Manhattan.

(6 ft. 4 in., 200 lbs.) 47-year-old Abe Feinberg's whole career. A hosiery salesman's son who went to work at 14 "cleaning 17 cupids a day for 17 underwear salesmen," Feinberg rose to be a cuspidor user in two years, quit his \$75-a-week salesman's job when it interfered with his evening studies at Fordham Law School. He earned bachelor's and master's degrees in law (which he never practiced), was helping "put together" hosiery combines by the time he was 25.

As head of Hamilton Mills, a lucrative hosiery concern which then wholesaled its output to chain stores, Feinberg became convinced, in an era of overproduction, that hosiery manufacturers would need well-known retail names to survive, bought into Kayser and then Fruit of the Loom. Now, he says: "We have a sense of assurance that we will be accepted."

Chairman Feinberg's air of unhurried

FAMILY BUDGETS

Businessmen Are Keeping the Ledger

DURING the bleak years of the Great Depression, millions of U.S. families learned to rule their lives by the household budget, religiously parcelling out set amounts for all needs, from mortgage payments to shoeshines. Many families divided their income into envelopes firmly labeled Rent, Food, Electricity, etc.; others made ends meet by keeping a strict household ledger of every penny earned, every penny spent. But as the U.S. economy burgeoned, the rigid family budget began to die out. In the midst of prosperous 1935, a manager of Home Life Insurance Co. estimates that only one of 200 families keeps a detailed day-by-day ledger. Says a Denver oilman: "My wife and I had our fill of budgets during the Depression. I can still see those damned skinny envelopes."

One big reason for the decline and fall of the traditional budget is that U.S. families have never been so prosperous. With personal income pushing beyond the \$300 billion-a-year mark, families have more money than ever, worry less about stretching paychecks to the end of the month. But partly, too, the decline of the budget is due to the great change in the U.S. manner of living.

Where consumers once saved up hard cash for the purchases, they now find that U.S. businessmen have taken over much of their budgeting. Most goods and services can be bought on the installment plan, financed at predetermined rates. Autos, appliances, clothes, food, even vacations come on credit and take their nibble each month. Instead of putting away cash for medical emergencies, millions of families now have health insurance. There are Christmas clubs, book-play-and-record-of-the-month clubs; the employer automatically withholds taxes, pays social security, deducts union dues, will even set aside enough for a savings bond each month.

In this pattern of living, charge and checking accounts have become the key means of watching income and outgo. Instead of counting the cash in the envelopes, families now leaf through their check stubs at the end of the month. Says one Seattle housewife: "Practically all our expenses—and those of everyone I know—are predetermined. We have certain payments we have to make—house, car, payments for food, clothes for ourselves and our three children. It doesn't take a slide-rule budget to make those payments. Our biggest concern is where our money goes, and

the checkbook record satisfies that."

The major exception to the new pattern is among the newlyweds, most of whom are trying to make a solid start in life on a comparatively small income, and are eager to make a budget work. They enthusiastically figure out their own budgets; only a few of them seek advice. (Since 1949, the U.S. Government Printing Office has distributed only 35,000 copies of its pamphlet *Guiding Family Spending*.) But most of them, also, soon change their minds, particularly when their incomes increase. Says one Santa Fe housewife: "We tried a budget when we were first married, but it was too much trouble. We decided to just go ahead and get what we have to, and somehow pay the bills when they come in."

From the start, most newlyweds find credit easy to get. Many of them, instead of renting an apartment, get a Government-insured loan to buy a house and pay for it in small monthly installments. The monthly payments, which they consider savings and investment as well as housing cost, can also take care of taxes and insurance. From a furniture store they can get a living-room set at \$15 a month, and from the appliance man a freezer for \$8.25 a month. If they want a power mower, some hardware dealers will sell them one for a few dollars each month in a budget charge account. The clother, the fuel-oil dealer, even the man who sells storm windows, are only too happy to carry a new customer on time and figure it out in monthly payments, each one the same as the last. It takes much less grinding will power than the old family budget. So far, it works. Arthur O. Dietz, president of the giant C.I.T. Financial Corp., says that repossession are at the lowest rate in years.

In an age of easy credit, more and more American families, from newlyweds on up, are turning to the deduction, installment, charge and check system of living. The Federal Reserve Board reports that U.S. families currently owe some \$32.5 billion on installment plans, loans and charge accounts, and some estimates put the figure at half again as high. Obviously, since he has assumed the burden of household budgeting, the U.S. businessman has an increasing social responsibility to the community he serves. Instead of merely concerning himself with the sale and delivery of his goods, he must now extend his responsibility far beyond into careful consideration of what he should sell to whom, and on what terms.

assurance belies a dozen outside activities. He heads Brandeis University's board of trustees, directs fund-raising for causes ranging from the Truman library to the United Jewish Appeal. In his spare hours Feinberg finds time (and an opportunity to display Catalina Bermuda shorts) for golf with his red-haired wife, also likes to swim, play squash, handball and gin rummy. He has few expensive tastes beyond 60¢ cigars and conservative, \$200 custom-made suits, says: "I drive the oldest Cadillac in Westchester."

"Keep Seducing." Feinberg admits cheerfully that he is "unfettered by knowledge in the fashion business." The firm's



Walter Doran

KAYSER'S FEINBERG
Seventeen cupids and one aim.

merchandising expert is President A. Philip Goldsmith. He, Executive Vice President Benjamin Hinerfeld, the financial brain, and Feinberg own one-third of Kaysor stock. Feinberg gives designers a free hand, asks them only to watch their price tags. Says he: "In this business nothing ever wears out except stockings. You have to keep seducing the buyer."

In its affair with the lady customer, Kaysor wants to go steady with the young buyer. Says Abe Feinberg, whose pretty 19-year-old daughter is already trying to wangle a Kaysor dealership from her father for Sarah Lawrence College: "Get a woman young, and she's yours for life."

OIL & GAS Pay for the Piper

When Texas Oilman Clint Murchison was asked last March what he considered the major achievement of his life, he replied: "I'm still trying to accomplish it in this Canadian pipeline which I am trying to consummate to a final conclusion successfully." Last week Murchison's major achievement moved a long pipe length closer to successful consummation.

Through his Canadian Delhi Petroleum

He traveled 1200 miles "to get a line" on an unusual way of doing business



High tension in Wausau! Mr. Power (center) watches Foreman Ward Mathison and line crew erect new telephone lines on the ever-expanding outskirts of Wausau.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with"

Just as Mr. Power discovered, the story of Wausau is also the story of Employers Mutuals. There's a Wausau personality about this company which people like. It's straightforward. And extremely practical.

We believe, for instance, in taking the mystery out of **workmen's compensation** insurance. Stated simply, this is our story.

Contrary to what many people believe, the cost of workmen's compensation is *not* a fixed cost. It's determined by

accidents. Accidents are controllable. Therefore, the cost of workmen's compensation is—or can be—a cost you can control. And we can help you.

Employers Mutuals have a reputation for being able to reduce insurance costs through the sensible prevention of accidents. Our safety engineers serve not merely as "inspectors" but people you can lean on for concrete help and advice any time. We'd like to talk it over. Phone our nearest office, or write Employers Mutuals, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Wausau Story

by DONALD C. POWER,
President, General Telephone Corporation,
New York City

"IN my business, you expect the unusual. But still, I was a bit amazed by some of the things I found in my recent visit to Wausau, Wisc.

"Take the old nickel-plated dial phone you see here. It was used about 1907. I found it on the desk of Russ Stensrud, Manager of the Wausau Exchange, a part of the General Telephone System. And discovered that Wausau was the first community in the country to have an exclusive dial system . . . 50 years ago!

"There are other unusual things about Wausau. The pine woods which circle the city hum with activity of a dozen major industries, from mining to woodworking. Of special interest to me is the fact that, in the last 5 years, Wausau has added more than 20 million dollars worth of well-landscaped homes and plants. I saw them.



Not off the Press. Mr. Power gets the news from Pressman Stanley Bickford of the Wausau Daily Record-Herald.

"And yet, Wausau never outgrows its friendly spirit! You still see it everywhere. I even got my copy of the daily newspaper handed out to me on the sidewalk, right from the pressroom.

"I can understand why a company like Employers Mutuals has grown so large. With Wausau people to guide it, and Wausau's energetic personality behind it, you have the right kind of people to do business with from the start."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



House wiring can be as dangerous as 40,000 volts



by

D.B. Clayton, Sr.

President
NATIONAL ELECTRICAL
CONTRACTORS ASSOCIATION

I received the other day a newspaper clipping about the tragic death of a 15-month baby who was killed when he crawled on top of a frayed lamp cord that was being used as a homemade wiring extension.

"As you know," writes the electrical inspector who sent this clipping to me, "homemade wiring jobs are a major cause of our troubles. If only people would realize that an ordinary 115-volt lighting circuit can be as deadly as a 40,000-volt high tension line!"

He's right, too. Few people seem to realize that it's current (amperage) that kills — not voltage. And that current can be mighty small.

Take a light bulb, for example. With the ordinary 115-volt circuit, a 25-watt bulb uses about 217 milliamperes of current.

According to the Navy Department's "Electric Shock — Its Causes and Its Prevention," electric shock becomes perceptible to humans at about one milliampere. At about 10 milliamperes, the shock is sufficiently strong to prevent voluntary control of the muscles — which results in "freezing" to the wire.

At 100 milliamperes, shock becomes fatal if the exposure to it is as little as one second's duration. And this is less than half the 217 milliamperes a 25-watt bulb uses!

That's why those of us who work with electricity treat it with respect. It's one of mankind's greatest boons — but you can't be careless with it. Or uninformed.

The National Safety Council has prepared a very helpful pamphlet on the subject called "Safety Rules for Electrical Equipment." If you would like a free copy, just drop me a line at National Electrical Contractors Association, 610 Ring Building, Washington 6, D. C.

Ltd., Murchison has control of 1 trillion cu. ft. of gas underground in Alberta. In combination with other gas interests, Delhi formed the Trans-Canada Pipelines Ltd. to build a line across the dominion to supply the gas-starved east. Estimated cost of the 2,240-mile line: \$350 million.

Trans-Canada planned originally to run a spur line from Winnipeg south to rich U.S. markets, but this proposal was vetoed by the Canadian government, which as a matter of national pride wanted the company to build the line across Canada to Toronto and Montreal before shipping any gas to the U.S. Because much of the route would be through thinly populated areas where there are no cash customers for gas, potential investors objected that Trans-Canada would have no income while the line was being built and, even after it was completed, would still have to develop its eastern market.

Last week Murchison answered that argument by signing up a customer for Trans-Canada. Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. contracted to buy 200 million cu. ft. of Alberta gas daily at the Manitoba-Minnesota border, and another 200 million cu. ft. a day when more gas becomes available. To supply T.G.T., Trans-Canada will build the first 670-mile leg of its line from the fields in Alberta to Winnipeg and the border. From the Minnesota border below Winnipeg, T.G.T. will build a \$100 million, 1,050-mile pipeline to its trunk line at Portland, Tenn., selling Canadian gas on the way through Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana.

To satisfy proud Canadians and wary bankers, T.G.T. and Trans-Canada agreed that when the transcontinental line is built Tennessee Gas will stop delivering Texas gas to eastern Canada through its line at Niagara. At that time (probably 1957) T.G.T. will reverse the flow and take into the U.S. any surplus gas in eastern Canada. To prepare its eastern market, Trans-Canada this year plans to build a 350-mile line from Toronto to Montreal.

With a big, steady customer like T.G.T. on the line, Trans-Canada should now be able to line up plenty of capital to complete its line to the east, thereby consummating the achievement of Murchison's life.

CARRIAGE TRADE Standing Straight at Tiffany's

In all the history of U.S. business, few trade names have reached a loftier eminence than Tiffany's. For a century the name of Manhattan's famed jeweler has stood as a sterling symbol of quality and good taste. During all its 118 years it has been owned and managed by the families of Founder Charles Lewis Tiffany and an early partner, Silversmith Edward C. Moore. Thus, when Manhattan Real Estate Operator Irving Maidman and Bulova Watch Co. talked of taking over Tiffany's and replacing its genteel tradition with the code of the hard sell (TIME, Aug. 8), Tiffany's Fifth Avenue neighbors shuddered with well-bred distress.



TIFFANY'S TIFFANY
From Marie Antoinette's belt . . .

The neighbor most concerned was Bonwit Teller's President Walter Hoving. As soon as he read about the plans of Maidman and Bulova, Department Storeman Hoving rode right out to Oyster Bay, L.I. to suggest to Tiffany President Louis de Bebian Moore that he take over. Hoving armed his offer with a pledge to preserve Tiffany's character and traditions, and leave management unchanged.

For Tom Thumb & Bride. There was a lot of Tiffany character and tradition to preserve. The company's elegant pattern was fashioned by Charles Tiffany, then a 25-year-old country storekeeper from Connecticut who borrowed \$1,000 from his mill-owner father, and with a friend set up a fine stationery and pottery



ALLAN GRANT—LIFE
TIFFANY'S HOVING
... to a neighbor's ties.

shop on lower Broadway. Though the partners took in only \$4.08 in the first three days, sales picked up when they started importing Dresden porcelain and Parisian jewelry. Then, with political upheavals in France, diamond prices tumbled 50% in Europe, and Tiffany's bought all it could, including Marie Antoinette's diamond belt and \$100,000 worth of jewels owned by Hungary's Prince Esterhazy.

By choosing the best from the international jewel market, young Tiffany soon built up a worldwide reputation. The great, the gaudy and the merely rich flocked to Tiffany's. In 1850, when Jenny Lind first came to the U.S., one of her first stops was at Tiffany's, where she ordered a silver tankard for the captain of the ship that had brought her from Sweden. P. T. Barnum was so impressed that he commissioned Tiffany's to design a silver chariot as a wedding present for his two famous midgets, General Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren.

After gold and silver were discovered in California, Telegraph Tycoon J.W. Mackay brought in three tons of silver from the Comstock lode and had Tiffany's make it into 1,000 pieces of table silver. One day President Lincoln dropped in to pick up a strand of pearls for the First Lady. Diamond Jim Brady earned his nickname with Tiffany diamonds, and an admirer of Sarah Bernhardt ordered for her a bicycle set with diamonds and rubies. Tiffany's even made horseshoes for the thoroughbreds of Tobacco Millionaire P. Lorillard. Steelmaker Charles Schwab once strolled into Tiffany's to buy a trinket for his wife; saw a 60-carat diamond pendant he liked, wrote out a check for \$91,000 and strolled out with his gift.

From Swords to Aircraft. Most of all, Charles Tiffany wanted a reputation for quality. To guarantee it, he opened his own factory. Most silversmiths of the day adulterated their wares with copper alloys, but Tiffany's guaranteed that all its silver was .925 pure, thus introduced into the U.S. the hallmark, "sterling silver." Not only did the Tiffany factory turn out lustrous table silver and gold filigree, but in the Civil War it made swords and rifles; in World War I it turned out surgical instruments, and in World War II aircraft parts.

Through the years, even Tiffany's stationery department brought distinction, e.g., its engraved invitations for the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty, for the parties of the Vanderbilts and the Morgans. Tiffany's has always been a place where the well-bred aristocrat felt at home.* Its atmosphere of well-mannered opulence is more like a diplomatic reception than a trade mart. A greying,

* It also exerted a fascinating appeal for some aristocrats' playmates. Sam Gold-Digger Lorelei, in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

*Time rolls on and youth is gone
And you can't straighten up when you bend.
Put up back or step knees.
You stand straight at Tiffany's,
Diamonds are a girl's best friend.*



are we squeezing it dry?

The world's consumption of life-giving water is growing at an alarming rate.

In our country alone, the average family uses about 300 gallons daily.

Industry needs billions of gallons more. By 1975 demand is expected to double. Yet the amount of rainfall remains the same. And erosion of moisture-holding soil is a continuing problem.

America's waterworks engineers work tirelessly to assure your family and your business plenty of water. But they need . . . and deserve your help. So use, enjoy Nature's most precious commodity...but conserve water wherever you can. Support the forward-looking plans of your water officials.

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is on the way!



CHRYSLER'S FALCON
Wide awake in a dream.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

well-groomed clerk will compare the merits of two solitaires in a well-modulated murmur, but never, never press a customer to buy. Since cash registers are noisy, Tiffany's does not permit them; when money must be handled, clerks take it to unobtrusively placed cashiers.

And thus it will continue to be even though last week came the announcement that Tiffany's will finally change hands. From Tiffany and Moore heirs, Hoving Corp.^{*} bought for some \$3,825,000 more than 68,000 of Tiffany's 132,451 shares outstanding. But President Moore, Executive Vice President William Tiffany Lusk (great-grandson of the founder) and the entire Tiffany staff will remain. Said Walter Hoving: "Tiffany management is worth as much as the company."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

David E. Lilienthal, 56, longtime head of TVA and first chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, became chairman and chief executive officer of newly organized Development & Resources Corp. President of the company, backed by the Manhattan investment banking firm of Lazar Freres & Co., is Gordon R. Clapp, 49, who succeeded Lilienthal as TVA chairman and resigned recently as deputy city administrator of New York City. Development & Resources Corp. will act as a consultant to foreign governments in TVA-type river and land development programs, coordinate other private or public projects such as atomic-energy production in power-short countries.

George Crews McGhee, 43, one-time Rhodes scholar who served 18 months (until 1953) as U.S. Ambassador to Turkey, announced formation of McGhee Production Co., an oil exploration and development firm in Dallas. A longtime oil geologist and independent prospector, McGhee will first look for oil and gas in southern Louisiana, where he discovered the big West Tepeete field. McGhee is also executive committee chairman of Petroleum Reserves Inc., organized last March to buy producing oil properties.

* The owner and operator of Horwitz Teller, Hoving Corp. is 65% controlled by Philadelphia's Bankers Securities Corp., whose board chairman is financier Albert Greenfield.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Car Poll. To find out what the public wants in the car of tomorrow, Chrysler Corp. put on display in its main Manhattan showroom three custom-made dream cars (Falcon, Flight Sweep I and II), fitted out with such futurisms as roofed headlights, curved window glass, external dual exhausts, control panel on a pedestal sandwiched between bucket seats, padded doors, and carpets fused over foam rubber. None of the super-cars is a production prototype: Chrysler hopes to whet appetites for its 1956 cars and, by eavesdropping on car fans, to pick out salable features for its 1957 and 1958 models.

New Brew. After two years of experimentation, Milwaukee's Blatz Brewing Co. next week will start test-marketing Tempo, a bland new brew aimed at the potential consumers (54% of all U.S. adults) who never touch beer. Tempo is flavored with an extract of fresh hops, which are milder than the dried hops ordinarily used by brewers to give beer its traditional tang. With fresh hops the new brew is lighter and brighter in color than standard Blatz, but has the same alcoholic content (4.0% by volume), and will sell, in bottles and cans, for the same price.

Durable Portable. Raytheon has introduced a portable radio that will play for 2,500 hours (two years of normal family listening) without a battery change. The long-play Super-T is powered by a small "A" pack battery (operating cost: .16¢ an hour), which is cheaper to use than home current. The 8-lb. set uses transistors instead of short-lived vacuum tubes, will also play for 500 hours on four standard flashlight batteries. Retail price: \$86.05.

Pot Washer's Friend. Cleaning pots and pans will be simplified by a new silicone-coating process that makes cooking utensils adhesion-proof. To be marketed by Omaha's new Selinized Process Co., the coating makes it possible to clean most utensils with a dishcloth. Some deposits come clean when the pan is turned upside down and tapped; more stubborn food remnants can be burned off by putting the coated saucepan back on a hot stove. By early fall the first batch of 7,500 Selinized standard aluminum utensils will be marketed in the Nebraska area at prices about 25% higher than regular utensils.



AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

A THREE-WAY PARTNERSHIP THAT BENEFITS EVERYBODY

*How the public, the magazine publishers and the
U.S. Government cooperate to help keep
the nation's economy growing always stronger*

As a reader of this magazine, the chances are that you belong to a "three-way partnership" dedicated to intelligent saving and a sound economy. For you probably buy United States Savings Bonds. Nearly 40 per cent of the families in America own them. Most Bond-owning families have saved enough in this way to pay for a serious illness, to provide something for old age, to make a down payment on a house or take a long trip. And perhaps most important, these families have the wonderful feeling of security that the ownership and holding of these Bonds bring.



Americans today are buying Savings Bonds at an annual rate of more than \$5,000,000,000. In the time it takes you to read this page, approximately one minute, America will buy \$10,000 worth of Series E and H Bonds!

How, you may ask, did this come about?

It came about through a great program of voluntary cooperation with the Treasury Department on the part of many groups, organizations and citizens. The magazine publishers have from the beginning been among the major supporters of the Bond program. They contribute millions of dollars' worth of advertising space each year.

Full credit for making Bond-buying a national habit is due that "three-way partnership"—the American citizen, the Government, and the volunteer groups, such as the magazine publishers, who bring buyer and seller together through the pages of their publications.

All three partners will profit further by continuing to help increase the nation's saving through the sale of Savings Bonds.

For so effectively promoting the national welfare I wish, on behalf of the Government, to extend to the magazine publishers our most sincere thanks.

George Humphrey

Secretary of the Treasury



JIM THOMPSON IN LAKERSTER

A bite for bones and T bones, but not a gook wagon among them.

The Dragsters

Once they were standard American autos—the friendly coupes and roadsters of the '30s, or hefty contemporary sedans. Now they were barely recognizable. The hot-rods, crowding the runways of the airport at Lawrenceville, Ill., for the "World Series of Drag Racing" last week, had come a long way from the Detroit production lines where they were born. Some had been entirely rebuilt. Some were stock cars with souped-up engines. Some consisted merely of a stripped-down frame and cockpit. All had that something extra: they could get up and go.

The 340 drivers, too, were something special, a far cry from the hopped-up youngsters who made hot-rodding a dirty word on the nation's highways after World War II. There was not a "squirrel" among them—no juvenile delinquent with wheels to zoom through traffic and terrorize the workaday motorist. These were youngsters who get their kicks by improving their cars and then testing them in a relatively safe and sane manner. They do their racing on "drag strips"—abandoned airport runways, four-lane roads specifically set aside for their use, or some other isolated and guarded track. Competing two at a time, the cars start from a standstill and make a straight quarter-mile run. They test both acceleration and speed as they are clocked in the same sort of electronic speed traps with which traffic cops nab speeders.

Broke & Proud. For good acceleration hot-rodders try to move their engines back on the frame to give their cars the best traction possible. They cut away every encumbrance, often dispensing with fenders, starters, fans and fan belts. They change gear ratios, add carburetors to improve combustion, grind down cylinder heads to boost power, "channel" bodies (*i.e.*, lower the center of gravity) for safer riding. Thanks to the Automobile Timing Association of America (which sponsors the series) and other friendly organizations, there are specific safety requirements for competition: safety belts, crash helmets, carburetor covers, fire walls back of engines, handy fuel shut-off valves.

This kind of hobby costs money, so hot-rodders are generally broke and proud of it. When they parked their beasts at Lawrenceville last week, most of the drivers had spent their last dollars on tools and



Jessi Compton; Rose S. Mayer

LLOYD SCOTT IN "BUSTLE BOMBE"

SPORT

parts. They spread out blankets or pitched tents to sleep right at the airfield. One driver and crew emptied their pockets to buy five watermelons, on which they hope to live until they get home.

Tone Is Important. Morning and night the hot-rodders worked on their cars with meticulous care: when they laid down their tools, they talked with evangelical fervor, often using a new language of their own (*see box*). "Our parents weren't raised in an age like this," said Jim Dunham, 21, of the Elmhurst (Ill.) Monkey Motions Club. "They still think it's silly spending money on our cars." He patted his souped-up (from 162 h.p. to 182 h.p.) stock 1935

Ford with pride. "They're just beginning to understand what it's all about. They see that if we can get ourselves a drag strip, we behave right. Noise? Sure, I guess you call it noise. But that roar from the exhaust is all part of hot-rodding. I guess it gives you a feeling of power, too. But we work a lot to get just the right tone. To us it sounds beautiful. Tone is very important. Another thing. A lot of people think that it's just kids who are hot-rodders. Well, there are a lot of old people who have rods too—you know, 30 years old—like that."

Another contestant was Jim Thompson, 25, from Bakersfield, Calif., whose 1932 Ford houses a 1939 Mercury engine. Going all-out for speed, Thompson uses highly combustible nitromethane (at \$7 a gallon) for fuel, has crammed four carburetors on his engine. Said he: "At first, my dad said absolutely I couldn't have a hot-rod. He's coming around now. My mother thinks it's O.K. She had this car out and turned 100 m.p.h. in it herself."

Test runs and last-minute tune-ups out of the way, the world series got off to a roaring start. To hot-rodders, at least, the tone was beautiful. It was undeniably loud. And it was particularly impressive when Lloyd Scott, 30, took his twin-engined "Bustle Bombe" out for a crack at the big gold Maremont Trophy (including a \$1,000 college scholarship), provided by Maremont Automotive Products. His fuel hopped up with nitro, an Oldsmobile engine in front of him and a Cadillac engine behind. Scott was an easy winner as he rocketed down the quarter-mile strip to hit 151 m.p.h. from a standing start—a new world record for drag racing.

Winner Scott, a machinist at Douglas Aircraft Co. in Long Beach, Calif., also walked off with all the other major trophies. He started out in midget racing, switched to driving hot rods because his wife thought it was less dangerous. He took two years to build his "Bustle Bombe"; two friends own one engine each while Scott owns the body.

No Need to Worry

"He keeps right on improving," said Trainer Mesach Tenney of his chestnut colt Swaps, the pride of California. "He's a bigger, stronger horse than when he won the Kentucky Derby from Nashua." Tenney was not the least bit worried, even

Herding The Beasts

A Hot-Rodder's Glossary

- Beast**—Car with fast getaway.
- Blow Off or Dust Off**—Cross the quarter-mile mark first.
- Bone**—Model "A" Ford.
- Breaking Loose**—Tires do not hold.
- Chopped Top**—Car with its cab lowered.
- Getting a Bite**—Tires hold traction during acceleration.
- Goat**—The other fellow's car.
- Gook Wagon**—Car loaded with ornaments; nothing extra inside.
- Gutted**—Car with its interior stripped.
- Herd**—To drive a car.
- Mother Head**—Terrible, a real gone car.
- Lakerster**—Special body and no fenders.
- Nerf**—To push another car.
- Jug**—A carburetor.
- Pot Out**—Engine failure.
- Prune**—To beat another car.
- Sectioned**—Car lowered by removing a section of the body.
- Smoke Out of the Chute**—Accelerate from the starting line with tires spinning.

- Stick a Foot in the Pot**—Open throttle wide.

though in the American Derby at Chicago's Washington Park. Swaps would be running his first race on grass. Said he: "I guess good horses run on any kind of track."

Washington Park's Executive Director Ben Lindheimer was a mite more cautious. "He'll be giving 6 to 18 pounds to every horse in the race; 25% to 30% of horses won't run as well on grass." Lindheimer had every faith in Swaps, but he knew too well that in a horse race anything can happen. He did not intend to let a \$140,425 imitation of the Epsom Derby take the shine off the big race coming up, the Aug. 31 match race between Swaps and Nashua, the best three-year-olds on the track.

There was no need to worry. When the gate opened for the American Derby last week, Swaps broke in front. Jockey Willie Shoemaker allowed him his own, front-running race until they got to the 16th pole. Then Willie stood casually in his stirrups and looked behind. Clifford Mooers's Traffic Judge was closing fast. Willie just flicked his whip; he never hit Swaps once. The California champion reached out and finished a length in front. He had covered the mile-and-three-sixteenths in 1:54 $\frac{1}{8}$ to crack the track record and tie the American standard for the turf distance.

Scoreboard

¶ When they lost a twelve-inning game to the New York Giants, 14-9, the Pittsburgh Pirates achieved a dubious distinction: they became the first major league team to be eliminated mathematically from the runaway National League pennant race. With only 32 games left, the Pirates stood 35 games back of the league-leading Dodgers (who were 12 games ahead of the second-place Braves).

¶ Not satisfied simply with winning the Canadian 400-yd. medley relay championship, the Walter Reed Hospital Swim Club team (TIME, Apr. 18) set a world record besides. Splashing in perfect form through the University of McGill pool in Montreal, Mary Jane Sears, 15, Wanda Werner, 14, Shelly Mann, 17, and Susan "Doughie" Gray, 15, covered the distance in 4:30.5, nearly two seconds faster than the old record they had set themselves.

¶ Taking time out from his racing cars, millionaire Sportsman Briggs Cunningham, flying the burgee of the Pequot Yacht Club on his trim sloop *Spindrift*, won the National Atlantic Class sailing championship at the Sea Cliff (L.I.) Yacht Club. Second: Cunningham's clubmate Hoyt Perry. Third: Novelist John (*The Wall*) Hersey.

¶ Using all his carefully controlled skill against the league-leading Dodgers, Robin Roberts, best right-hander of the feeble fourth-place Phillies, beat big Don Newcombe, 3-2, and became the first major-league pitcher to win 20 games this season. ¶ Husky Arnold Palmer, 25, a professional golfer for less than a year, shot a fine 265 for 72 holes on Toronto's Weston Golf Club. His 23-under-par total, just two strokes over the tournament record, won him the \$15,000 Canadian Open championship.

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Marriage Revealed. Diego Rivera, 69, famed Mexican mural painter; and Emma Hurtado, 39, dancer-model; he for the fifth time, she for the second; on July 29, as he made ready to leave for Russia for a cancer operation; in Mexico City.

Died. Lemuel Ayers, 40, top stage (*Pajama Game, Camino Real*) and screen (*Meet Me in St. Louis*) set and costume designer, Broadway co-producer (*Kiss Me Kate*); after long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Edmond Joseph Eugène Marie Jasper, 49, Dutch-born lawyer, businessman, secretary-general of the Benelux Customs and Economic Union since its founding in 1946; of a heart attack; in Brussels.

Died. Fiske Kimball, 66, longtime (1925-55) director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, restorer of Thomas Jefferson's Monticello and Robert E. Lee's Stratford (Va.) home; of a stroke; in Munich, Germany. Kimball became director when the museum was only partially built, developed it into one of America's best, acquired the Gallatin Collection (e.g., Picasso's *Three Musicians*), the \$2,000,000 Arenberg Collection (e.g., Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase*).

Died. Fernand Léger, 74, French "machine-age primitive" painter; of a heart attack; in Gif-sur-Yvette, France. Regarded as one of the masters of School-of-Paris art, Léger (rhymes with beige-hay), the son of a Norman farmer, went to Paris in 1898 to study painting, earned his living as a photo retoucher. In 1910 he experimented with and abandoned the cubist techniques of Braque and Picasso, was later influenced by Primitivist Rousseau, moved on to a preoccupation with quilt-like color patterns, bouncy human figures in machine-like forms. After living in the U.S. for 41 years during World War II, he painted *The Builders*, which won this year's \$4,000 São Paulo international prize; he also designed sketches for the two 30-ft. murals in the U.N. General Assembly building. An off-and-on Communist, he was eulogized by the French Communist Party as "our comrade."

Died. Thomas Reed Powell, 75, long-time Harvard Law School professor (1925-50), top constitutional law authority, member of the fact-finding board that averted a national railway strike in 1941; after long illness; in Boston.

Died. Herbert Putnam, 93, long-time (1899-1939) Librarian of Congress; in Woods Hole, Mass. Appointed by President McKinley, Dr. Putnam transformed the library's haphazard collection of less than a million volumes into one of the world's largest (over 10 million books and pamphlets), developed a new system of classification, supervised the purchase of a valuable European collection of incunabula, including a Gutenberg Bible.



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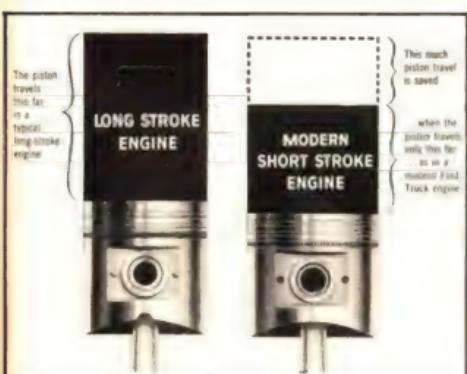
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BOOKS

Victorian Valentine

SUNDOWN [82 pp.]—M. A. DeWolfe Howe—Little, Brown [\$3].

In a pleasant garden on Mt. Desert Island off the coast of Maine, a rosy old man sat tooling on a recorder. "I'm not really musical," he explained to a guest, between puffs, and proceeded to prove it with a squeaky rendition of *Finnlandia*. Suddenly he blew a sour note. "Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Mark Anthony DeWolfe Howe. "That makes me so angry."

Too Comprehensible. As a rule, Music-maker Howe is far from angry. One of the last of Boston's gentleman-writers—he was the reputed model for Horatio Willing, the biographer-friend of *The Late George Apley*—Mark Howe is a calm and gentle writer of calm and gentle books. This week Howe celebrates his 91st birthday with the publication of *Sundown*, a thin volume of verse, his 36th published work. While Howe's poetry is often as amateurish as his performance on the recorder, his poems have the nostalgic appeal of a Victorian valentine. "The trouble is," says Howe, "they're too comprehensible."

The poems celebrate birthdays of old friends, weddings, meetings of Harvard alumni. There are several fond tributes to Howe's beloved Boston, and here and there, the old man has dropped in roguish jingles:

*A classicist in the Antipodes
Devoted his life to Euripides.
His bottle and jigger
Played hob with his figure.
But gave him some sweet serendipities.*



Verner Reed

POET HOWE
Among the Antipodes, serendipities.

Mark Howe also sets down the fears of a nonagenarian mind that has retained the freshness and keenness of youth:

*Now, thieving Time, take what you must—
Quickness to hear, to move, to see . . .
Yet leave, O leave exempt from plunder
My curiosity, my wonder!*

Although *Sundown* is his eighth volume of poetry, Mark Howe is better known as a prolific historian, biographer (his life of Harvard's great Barrett Wendell won the 1924 Pulitzer Prize) and leading citizen of Boston. As a longtime editor of the *Youth's Companion* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, Howe has moved throughout his life near the stamen of flowering and fading New England. Since his wife's death he has lived at 16 Louisburg Square with an old friend and an Irish housekeeper. Most of his books are as Bostonian as the Old North Church. Samples: *Semicentennial History of the Tavern Club, Boston Common; Scenes from Four Centuries*. Yet for all his patina, Howe is not a proper Proper Bostonian at all.

Too Tolerant. "My father cannot be considered a typical Bostonian," admits Mark Howe's son, Radio Commentator Quincy Howe. "He's not caustic enough. He's not a scold. He has a tolerance that is not typical of Boston. Mother was a real Bostonian, from a family of Brahmins. She was always crabbing about something."

Mark Howe was born in Bristol, R.I., and would not even have achieved a New England birth but for the caprice of a summer vacation. His father was Episcopalian bishop of central Pennsylvania, wrote his sermons in Latin and begat 18 children. Young Mark grew up steeped in respectability, devoutness and Victorian culture. By the time he went to Harvard in 1886 and met James Russell Lowell and the senior Holmes, he knew where he belonged. Another adopted Bostonian Philosopher-Mathematician Alfred North Whitehead, once said that if he were asked to pick one person to send to Mars as a representative of the human race, he would choose Mark Howe.

Of *Sundown*, Author Howe says: "This will be the last, of course." Still, he puts in a morning with his secretary each day, working over various literary projects, and regularly turns out verse, in meticulous longhand. His latest:

*Why blow my heart out on this poor recorder,
Striving to master every flat and sharp.
When soon, across the inexorable border,
I may be taking lessons on the harp?*

Why Not Viscerosophy?

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS [168 pp.]
Aldous Huxley—Harper [\$2.75].

In latter-day Huxley novels, words speak louder than actions. It is no surprise, therefore, to find that his first novel in seven years is an urbane little lecture on grace and predestination, with



© Ed Quin

NOVELIST HUXLEY Outside the tent, virtue renf.

witty asides on life, letters, and the pursuit of happiness. The lecture notes rather dwarf a spindly triangle story of love and adultery in the high-I.Q. bracket.

Young John Rivers, a physicist who looks like a "Roman copy of Praxiteles," gets a chance in the early '20s to study with a pioneering genius in the field of atomics. The genius, Henry Maartens, is a wheezing hypochondriac who bubbles away on such topics as "fields of unembodied organization." Henry's personal universe "was modeled on the highball. It was a mixture in which half a pint of the fizziest philosophical and scientific ideas all but drowned a small jigger of immediate experience, most of it strictly sexual."

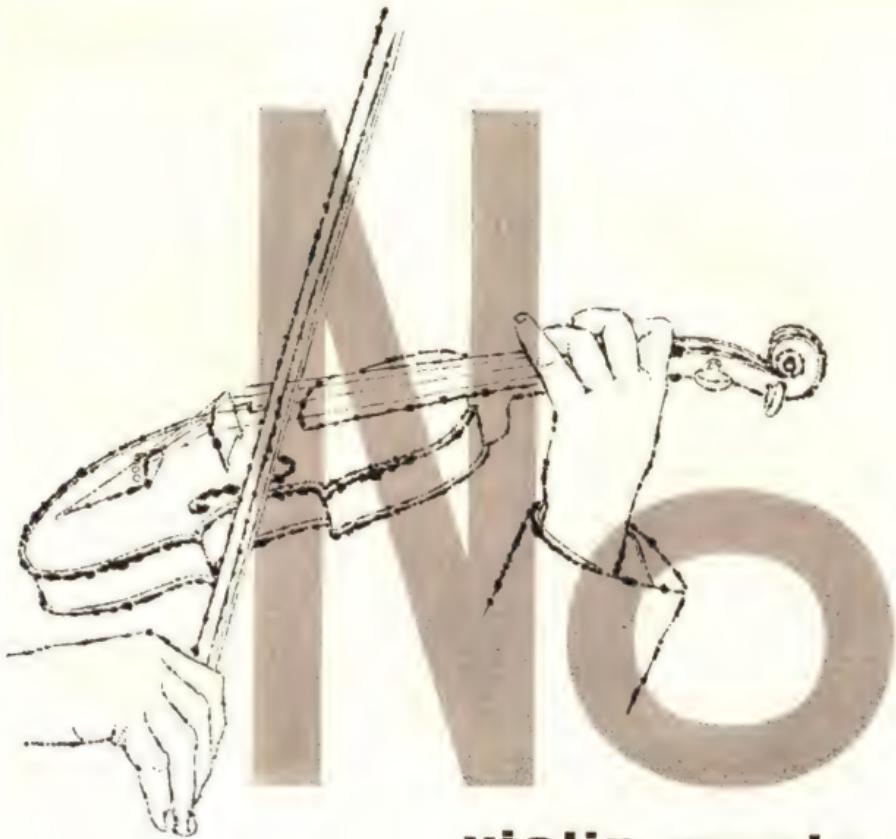
Henry's jigger is his beautiful wife Katy. To John Rivers, a slightly priggish minister's son and a sexual teetotaler at 28, Katy is a lyric goddess: distant and holy as Dante's Beatrice. When a siege of illness puts Henry in an oxygen tent, John's Platonic devotion is rudely shattered. A shivering, sleepless Kate finds her way to his bed one night and stays there.

As Huxley tells it, this is just the earth-renewing touch of "animal grace" she needs in order to heal her ailing husband. The recuperating Henry suspects nothing, but the Maartenses' adolescent daughter suspects all. Before she gets a chance to spill it, "predestination" in the shape of a truck takes the life of mother and daughter in a grisly highway accident.

Except for this macabre and unconvincing finale, Huxley winds his characters up like talking clocks, and they keep up a steady ticktock of aphorisms, epigrams and reflections. Samples:

¶ "H. G. Wells . . . reminded her of the rice paddies in her native California. Acres and acres of shiny water, but never more than two inches deep."

¶ "Those ladies and gentlemen in Henry James's novels—could they ever bring



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themselves . . . to go to the bathroom?" ¶ "While there is death, there is hope." ¶ "If you don't mention the physiological correlates of emotion, you're being false to the given facts . . . What we need is another set of words. Words that can express the natural togetherness of things. *Muco-spiritual*, for example, or *dermatocharity* . . . Why not *viscerosophy*?"

With his viscerosophical bifocals on, Huxley can make a subject like illicit sex seem excitingly muco-spiritual. But when it comes to fashioning moral judgments or making final points, *The Genius and the Goddess* manages to be as arbitrary—and as fuzzy—as the code of Hollywood's Johnston Office.

A Passage to Egypt

THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA [239 pp.]—P. H. Newby—Knopf [\$1.25].

All civilized nations have a problem—how to be civilized without losing their primitive gusto. Novelists face the same problem. They must be fine craftsmen, but if they are not impelled also by cruder, tougher impulses, their novels will be all polish.

Good novelists find ways of solving this problem. E. M. Forster is one of the most civilized writers alive, but his heart (and his reader's) goes out to characters who are more primitive than he is himself. In neatness and suavity, Novelist Evelyn Waugh has no rival, but he uses his well-kept lawns solely for the purpose of exercising tigers. Somewhere in between Waugh and Forster lies Britain's P. H. (for Percy Howard) Newby.

Chouth or Unity? Professor Edgar Perry, hero of Newby's latest novel, is a man-of-Waugh who gets bent by Forster circumstances. Like most Waugh heroes, Edgar is a born fall guy—a nice fellow who cannot see anything when he loses his spectacles and still less when he finds them. Newby's Forster setting is not India but Egypt under King Farouk, where anything can happen, just so long as it is the opposite of what ought to happen. Edgar, for instance, gives English lessons to a wealthy Pasha. But the lessons are spent discussing perpetual motion in French. Edgar lectures to Egyptian students on the chastity of Othello's Desdemona; a political demonstration develops and a student gets up and says firmly: "Sir, we demand the unity of the Nile Valley and the immediate withdrawal of all British troops." Edgar amorous welcomes his wife, newly arrived from England, but she has only come to ask him for a divorce.

Edgar moves from one fiasco to another with undaunted astigmatism. He is urged by the Pasha to report on student housing conditions. He does so. Grateful students hoist Edgar shoulder-high, parade him down the street. Up dash the cops, toss Edgar into jail. The Pasha says sadly: "Monsieur Perry is a fanatic. I can see that he is the sort of man who prepares a report and then thinks it ought to be carried out." Meanwhile, Edgar is being taught by a fellow prisoner "how to re-



CONRAD THOMAS-PHOTOPRESS
NOVELIST NEWBY
A man-of-Waugh.

move a gold ring from a man's finger while pretending to shake hands with him." "And . . . here is your wallet," adds the teacher.

Martyr or Invader? Edgar's problems raise universal questions. e.g., should a human being be judged purely on his own merits, or is he bound to be judged as the representative of a particular nation with a particular history? What, for instance, is Edgar to an Egyptian nationalist? Is he a martyr who has gone to jail for the sake of Egyptian youth? Or is he a Briton who has invaded Egypt?

One of Edgar's favorite students decides that Edgar is both. Personally loyal, the student gets Edgar out of jail. Nationally loyal, he then tries to shoot Edgar through the head. When Edgar's wife sees her husband's face scorched with powder burns, she believes he has attempted suicide out of love for her, promptly falls madly in love with him.

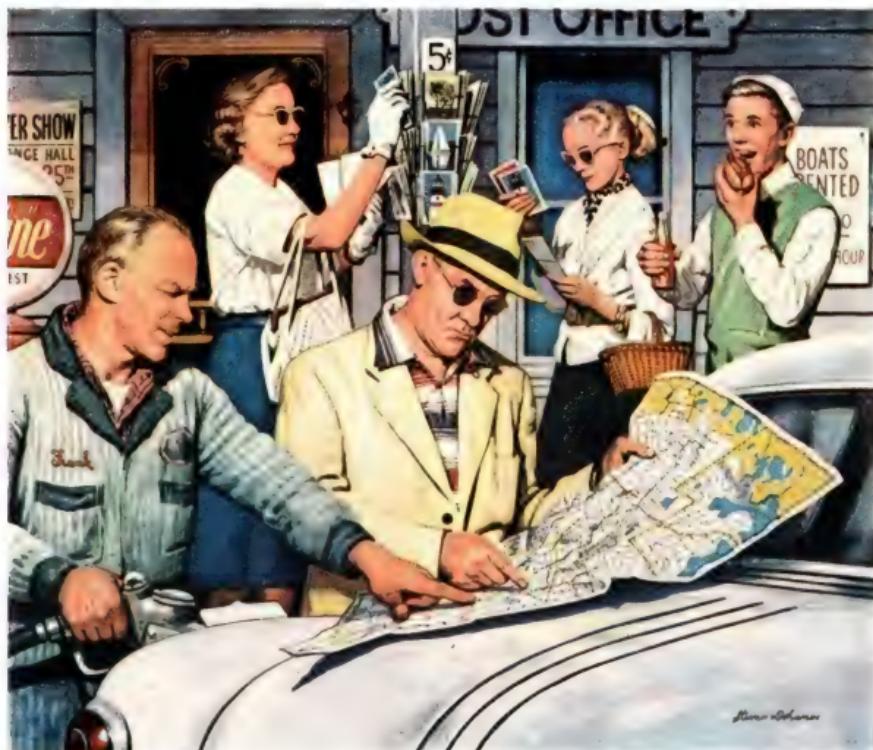
Author Newby does the neatest possible job with his plot. His comic characters, such as the Pasha and his wife, are all the more comic because they are described affectionately, tolerantly, almost respectfully. The blurb's comment that *The Picnic* "might have been called a comic *Passage to Egypt*" proves to be at least half true, because Author Newby knows to perfection the Forster art of speaking softly. Unlike his master, however, he has not the brute strength to carry a big stick.

City That Never Was

THE YEARS OF THE CITY [567 pp.]—George R. Stewart—Houghton Mifflin (\$4.50).

At the founding of Phras, the soothsayer predicted that the city would live through more than nine human generations. As soothsayers go, he was pretty accurate: it lived some 200 years before enemies stormed it and set it afire. By

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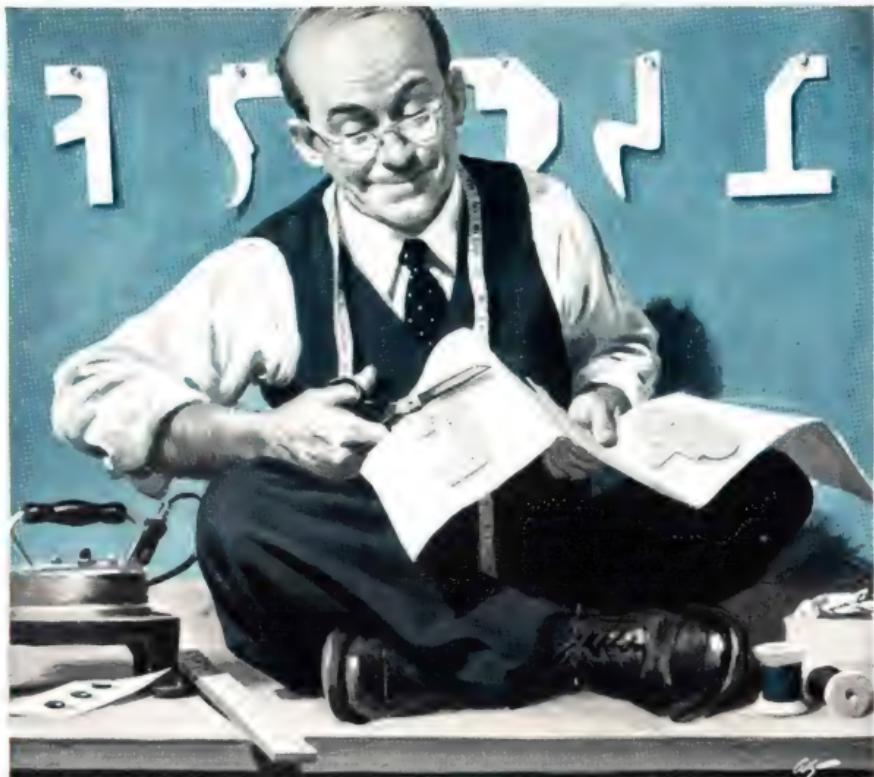
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then, decayed old Phrax, the vigor of its youth and the wealth of its maturity gone, was ripe for death.

The chronicler of Phrax's growth, greatness, decline and fall is both a professor (English, University of California) and a novelist (*Storm, Fire*), and his chronicle is a work of scholarship as well as a novel. The sets, costumes and psychologies are as authentic as Professor George R. Stewart could make them. But Phrax is imaginary, a city that might have been, but never was. "It is Greek—yes," says Author Stewart in his foreword. "But do not turn to the atlas . . . Do not consider too deeply what century."

Imaginary, too, are the Phragians whom Stewart uses to illustrate the city's neatly Spenglerian life cycle. Archias arrives with the first settlers as a boy stowaway. Ragged and kinless, he carries on his forehead the scar of a cut made as an identification mark during the sack of his unknown native city. Grown prosperous and middle-aged in the hilltop village of Phrax, he fathers Bion, who appears later in the chronicle as a sturdy citizen of a city that is still raw but has years of greatness ahead. Bion's son Callias, heir to wealth, enters as an aging and slightly effete scholar. Callias' son Diothemis totters onstage as a feeble and impoverished ancient, the oldest man in Phrax. He dies on the city's last day, but his little grandson survives, an identification mark cut on his forehead.

The excessive neatness of the full circle from cut forehead to cut forehead is characteristic of *The Years of the City*. Right down to the pat A, B, C, D of the main characters' names, Author Stewart built his massive book with a professional care that helps make up for his defects as a novelist. His descriptions are sometimes gravely with detail, and his style is sometimes thorny, but his tale of a city that never was can teach readers a lot about the cities that really were—and the cities that are. "When we read the story of the development of one city," asks Bion's son Callias, "do we not read the story of all?"

Mixed Fiction

MASTRO-DON GESUALDO, by Giovanni Verga [454 pp.; Grove Press; \$3.50] is now reissued in the U.S. for the first time in 20 years. When D. H. Lawrence, who translated the book from the Italian, first discovered the works of Giovanni Verga, he wrote enthusiastically: "He is extraordinarily good—peasant—quite modern—Homeric . . ." Best known outside Italy for a minor work—his story *Cavalleria Rusticana*, on which the libretto for Mascagni's opera was based—Author Verga ranks second only to Manzoni among Italian novelists. Born in Sicily in 1840, he planned as his major work a kind of *Comédie Humaine* of Sicilian life of which *Gesualdo* is the second installment (the first: *The House by the Medlar Tree*)—TIME, May 4, 1953.

Gesualdo is a village-eye view of the drama that fascinated other 19th century novelists, including Balzac: the drama of

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a society in which the aristocracy is withering, while the middle class and even the peasantry are elbowing their way into the mirrored halls. The book's hero is a hard-driving, shrewd peasant who grows rich, to the dismay of the seedy local gentry. The story is chiefly concerned with the battle between tough, energetic Mastro-don Gesualdo and that gentry—with the rich ones who connive to block his designs on their dwindling lands, with the impoverished ones who sneer at his peasant origins while scheming to trap him into marriage with their daughters. The dialogue may be racy in Italian, but in Lawrence's English it comes out as a series of blurred phrases overloaded with sarcasm and exclamation points. It all seems as noisy as an Italian kitchen when the *pasta* has boiled over on the baby. But Novelist Verga tells his story with a superb eye for the beauty and squalor of his Sicilian village—its busybody priest scurrying among the decaying mansions and their decaying inhabitants, its restive peasantry caught up in their inept revolutions.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, by Jean Bloch-Michel (215 pp.; Scribner; \$3) is the story of Pierre, his wife and children—fugitives from an unnamed city in an unnamed war. They settled in a distant Alpine village where only lost and famished animals roamed the streets: the human inhabitants had been driven into slavery by the enemy. It was like being the last people on earth. But Pierre's family was not cheerful. God-fearing Swiss-Family Robinson. They had no religion, no clear robinson for living. Down below Pierre knew men were fighting and dying. Did he have the right to withdraw from the slaughter?

The Flight into Egypt is a book of ideas by a man of action. Author Jean Bloch-Michel, 43, was a French soldier in World War II and a resistance fighter. But in this book, war is simply used as a dark backdrop for the drama of a family, stripped to its barest elements—man, woman, boy, girl. Their problems are ordinary, but there is no chance for the ordinary relief from them—the distractions and consolations of society. Pierre and Yvonne feel isolated even from each other. The children become alien to them, withdraw into themselves.

In the end, Yvonne finally finds faith, a feeling of confidence and the conviction that there existed some unknown power in which she could find repose," a comforting certainty that "the future did not, after all, lie in her hands." But Pierre feels that the world is only what man makes of it. He depends wholly on his own resources. There were two common responses to the 20th century—the religious and the existentialist. *The Flight into Egypt* is nearly monotonous in color and the characters are so universal that sometimes they can scarcely be recognized as individuals. But Author Bloch-Michel asks many moving questions about life. His one sure answer: escape is no solution, for no one can remain long above the battle.

MISCELLANY

Pleasure Principle. In Manhattan, Alexander Johnson, 39, carrying a bag of duck eggs home on the subway as a treat for his wife, spied Salesgirl Adrienne Ardizzone, 20, sitting opposite in a freshly starched dress, calmly pelted her with raw eggs, said later that he just couldn't explain why he did it.

Cheaper by the Dozen. In Dallas, after the *Times Herald* quoted Mrs. Clara Margerum as saying she wanted to rent a house for a reunion with her twelve children, she received 93 offers, one a proposal of marriage from a suitor who wanted to claim her children as income tax exemptions.

Honk, Plonk. In Casteldaccia, Sicily, police had to rescue Bus Driver Paolo Allotta, 33, from a mob of townsmen, who stoned him because he blew his horn to clear traffic, awoke them from their sidewalk naps.

Off the Meter. In Toledo, after he was picked up by Policemen Michael Donohoe and Calvin Parton for speeding a taxi through several red lights, James O'Reilly admitted the cab was not his, explained he tried to hail one, spotted an empty cab with its motor running, hopped in, headed for his destination.

Dropshot. In Washington, while heli-logging three soldier-patients from Fort Lee, Va., to Walter Reed Hospital, Chief Warrant Officer Willie H. Windham lost his bearings, set down on a city tennis court, asked directions from startled players, whirled on his way without ever awakening his passengers.

Neither Snow Nor Rain. In Gulfport, Miss., the postman correctly delivered to J. R. and T. S. Clover a letter from Waco, Texas addressed: "Downtown Furniture Store Run by Two Brothers Who Look Alike. Across Street from Dime Store. Appliance Store at One End of Street. Dry Goods Store at Other."

Wholesale. In Tucson, Ariz., police looked for the customer who priced Gilbert Grenier's watermelons, commented "Too high—I'll come back later and get them cheaper," did so after hours and made off with a ton of melons.

Break, Break, Break. In Los Angeles Lillian C. Armstrong, 45, won a divorce from retired Petty Officer Joseph S. Armstrong, 48, after she testified: "He broke my arm, then broke his promise never to hurt me again, by breaking my ankle."

No Tipping, Please. In Wolverine Mich., when Daniel Bullman parked his tractor-trailer on a hill and went into the Wolverine Hotel for a snack, the truck rolled downhill, crashed six feet into the lobby, added \$1.10 to the tab.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL.

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And here's why you'll want to read SI this week...

During the next few days tennis will dominate the sports world. All eyes will be focused on Forest Hills for the Davis Cup Challenge Round and the U.S.L.T.A. Singles Championship.

Focus your eyes on this week's SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for a conversation piece with Tony Trabert—an article by Australia's Prime Minister Menzies on tennis and a look at the Davis Cup Challenge Round, accompanied by beautiful color pictures of Forest Hills. If you can't go there—be there through the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.



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